



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 28 – Number 10

February 2011

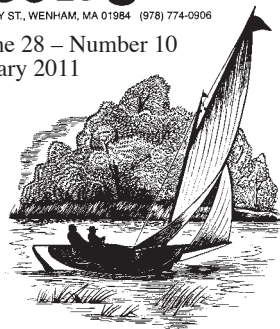
Special Features This Issue
A Salt Creek Paddle 53 Years Later
Bad Night at the Barred Islands
To the Baltic with Pete — Ladies' Canoe Voyage
Gaff Rigged Mirror — The Sailing Oar



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The New Year begins “fraught with opportunity for achievement” as I write this on January 3 before this issue heads for the printer (300 miles away via some computer cloud thing). Jane never much liked that “fraught” word, perhaps “abounding” would be a better term. The phrase is hardly original, I heard it once so long ago and kinda liked it so I tend to use it often when it is appropriate to the subject at hand. For those looking to take it easy in the upcoming year it is uncomfortably suggestive of a need for more effort than they might wish to expend.

Now launched solidly into my 80s I still see those opportunities out there waiting to be seized. I look forward to expending much of that effort on things I wish to do while time remains, of course. The major focus will continue to be this magazine. While it does contribute to our financial survival (supplementing Social Security) it’s much more than that. It’s mental exercise putting together a 60-page issue every month, keeping my brain from turning to mush. It provides ongoing wide ranging communication with many of you about our favorite subject, be it by phone, mail, or even the internet. Our world is far, far wider than it would be if our acquaintances were limited to just our own locality and activities.

All this mental exercise needs to be supplemented with physical exercise to keep the body housing the brain functional and ready to put forth that effort. My boating exercise will continue to be the flatwater kayaking I discussed in the January issue. That end-of-season exploration over the road looking for new paddling opportunities proved to be quite successful, we’ve now got a stimulating long list of new places to have a go at come warm weather (and water) in May.

This, in turn, has stimulated some new thinking (more brain exercise!) on making it possible to get Charlie further along when we run into shallows or sandbars or low profile beaver dams. He cannot get out and walk or portage past the easier stuff that currently stops us. We’ll be doing some brainstorming (and follow up fabrication) on fitting a set of fold-up wheels alongside his kayak just aft of the cockpit that can be dropped down to wheel him over the obstacles (I can get out and do the towing, of course). A set of fat tire wheelchair wheels he has (which are also quick detachable) will work perfectly, fitted to some hardware we can fabricate mounted on his kayak.

Well, paddling my kayak provides some pretty good upper body exercise without being boring. Since we don’t paddle at a race pace it falls somewhat short on providing cardiovascular exercise and lung capacity increase so I’ll be out pedaling as well as paddling. This past year I regressed back to a tricycle (last one was back around ’35!) from my recumbent bicycling, which I’ve been doing since 1995. The low-slung British trike I have has a comfy, laid back mesh seat, twist grip shifted 27 speeds, full-hub front brakes (the two wheels are in front, not in back, a much safer arrangement), full suspension, and I can average 18mph on the flat for miles with its very low wind resistance design. Uphills slow me eventually to a walking pace but the following downhills are wide open for speed (courage is the necessary ingredient for maximum downhill). Two or three hour rides of 20-40 miles on our winding, undulating local semi-rural roads are great fun with a couple of like-minded local “trikers”.

Thirdly I continue to indulge my lifelong (since I was 18) enthusiasm for motorcycling, these years eased back to all-day exploration of back roads (many dirt) in rural parts of New England on bikes that can be best described to the uninitiated as two wheel SUVs. Last summer a long-time friend from my racing years and I spent four days covering 800+ miles of Vermont and New Hampshire’s finest dirt roads, those never seen by tourists. Analogous to a cruise in a small open boat perhaps?

Given that I am still doing a boating magazine and continue to find small boating appealing, why do I not do more in small boats afloat and less on wheels ashore? It comes down to the fact that I am less comfortable afloat, I never much liked being in the water (on the water is much better) what with my poor swimming skills. If/when I fall off my wheels I land on solid ground where I can take as much time as I need to gather my slowing wits together and not have to contend with a medium foreign to my physical persona. This all would not be so had I not gotten into boating so late in my life at 50.

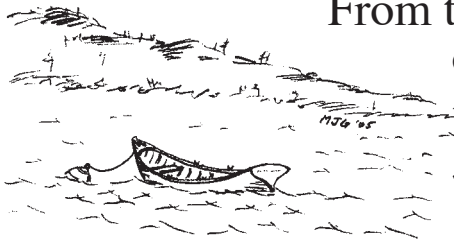
Despite this diffusion of recreational effort I still expect to be afloat in my kayak some 30 or so days this coming year. With no need to await weekends to play, Charlie and I get out once a week on the best days. Hard to beat that!

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On the Cover...

A Bolger Spartina at rest on an Australian beach is the cover photo on a wonderful 2011 calendar featuring Phil Bolger’s designs in full color. Creator Matthew William Long states, “I am happy to announce that the calendar, *Beauty & Boxes: Bolger Boats 2011* is now available at the link at the end of this report. Enjoy the eclectic beauty of boats designed by the late Philip C. Bolger all year long in 2011.” The full story and that “link” for ordering can be found with this issue’s “Phil Bolger & Friends on Design” on page 47.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Martha's Vineyard

Yesterday, after lunch, I rowed to the town pier. This is a small, tee-headed affair. The harbormaster and the pumpout boat dock here. Dinghies, skiffs, and canoes have their own pier but also litter the shore. The tee-head is for temporary use by all. A hose is available to wash the salt from your vessel or cool your coffee.

I tucked the Whitehall between two dinghies close to shore and walked to Vineyard Haven. The other name for this little town is Tisbury. Every town should have at least two names, makes it tougher for the IRS to find you.

There's quite a snug harbor in town, and a huge slip for the ferries from New Bedford and Woods Hole. The discharging and loading of cars and passengers is an event of magnitude. I imagine during the off-season there's little other amusement for the locals. Vineyard Haven is a dry town. You need to go to Edgartown or Oak Bluffs to buy your favorite libation, then go into the Black Dog Tavern in Vineyard Haven and have them decant it for you. The transition between these two steps calls for diplomacy. In order not to offend the parched abstainers, you need to conceal your bottle in a shopping bag that displays the logo of the local hardware store. Then you nonchalantly enter the tavern, whistling one of the many Temperance tunes in your repertoire. If you choose the table farthest from the door and hide behind your copy of the *Vineyard Times*, perhaps no one you know will see what you're doing and you won't have to slink home late at night by a back street. Be sure to hold your newspaper right side up.

I decided to refrain from these diversions. There are plenty of coffee shops, and addicts of this pernicious beverage can be seen in disarray on any street, panhandling change to support their caffeine habits. One also sees children passed out from over indulgence in front of the many ice cream shops. A dissolute town, but the baked goods were exquisite.

I discovered the Vineyard Playhouse. Their theater season was over, but a blues band was scheduled for that very night at eight. I also discovered the upscale bookstore, Bunch of Grapes, where a local writer was scheduled to read from his book. A tough choice but I opted for the music. Writing is sometimes too much a part of my life.

I next discovered the small Episcopal Church. In addition to having a magnificent stained glass window that features a dove, it also hosts a Friday night lobster roll supper. Yesterday was Friday. As I hadn't rolled any lobsters for several months, I determined to return and revitalize my technique.

I finally walked "home" to the dinghy dock about three, to find my negligent Whitehall fast aground. The mud in Lake Tashmoo tends to be affectionate. I managed to work her free without wading in the water, but it took me fifteen minutes. The time was well spent, however: I rediscovered a swear word that I hadn't employed in years. Back aboard, I squared away my cabin and listened to a new CD I'd purchased in the village.

By six o'clock, I was on my way back to Tisbury. I found that Episcopal lobster tastes much the same as the Congregational lobster we had growing up in my village and hardly differs from a truly agnostic lobster I martyred once before he'd taken the time to resolve his doubts.

The theater proved enchanting. On the first floor is a coffee house with gingham tablecloths and theater photos displayed on every wall. The theater itself, upstairs, seats perhaps two hundred. The set might have been from *The Grapes of Wrath*: the interior of a three-room shack with more lath than plaster showing. The musicians joked about it as they settled in and gave us a sweet performance. Two hours of bliss for a measly ten dollars is a bargain by any measure.

It was half past ten. The moon was full. I strolled the mile back to the pier and found the lake reposed in meditation. The muted shades of boats contrasted softly with the shadows. Impressionism must have been invented on such a night as this. The evening was delectable and I heard the mermaids calling from the harbor. I hung my boarding ladder over the side, made myself presentable, and spent the night in my cockpit cherishing hopes of being abducted.

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Crystal River Boat Bash

The Crystal River Boat Builders, a chapter of the TSCA, is hosting the second annual Crystal River Boat Bash on the weekend of April 30/May 1, 2011. The Bash is a rather low key boating event with emphasis on tradition, history, and craftsmanship. Saturday will be the publicly advertised day and will include exhibits, participants' boats, and a speaker spouting cool boat related stuff. We had a surprisingly active first year and greatly enjoyed the company of the participants.

The Bash takes place one week before the annual Cedar Key Messabout and is less than an hour south by auto from Cedar Key. It is 25-30 sailing miles to Cedar Key. We offer low cost, no frills camping before and after the weekend to make an extended stay in the area easier. Detailed information will be available on our website: <http://www.tasca.net/CRBB/>.

Help us show off fine craft, great workmanship, and happy sailors along with a little history. Steve Kinger, Crystal River, FL

Building Boats From Scratch

I will be offering a selection of boat building classes during this winter season at my shop, Seth Persson Boat Builders in Centerbrook, Connecticut. Class participants, working as a group, will build a traditional plywood skiff from scratch, starting with just plans and the necessary materials. This will provide an opportunity to learn the basic skills of classic wooden boat building, whether as a singular experience or a step towards future projects. The finished boats will be donated to area nonprofit organizations for their use and benefit.

Jon Persson, Seth Persson Boat Builders, 17 Industrial Park Road, Suite 5, Centerbrook, CT 06409, (860) 767-3303

Tip of the Mitt Adventure

The Tip of the Mitt Adventure is a new adventure race in Michigan scheduled for this coming June. There will be outside and inside courses from Oscoda to Manistee, about 300 miles or so. The inside course will include the Au Sable and Manistee rivers and several portages the longest of which is about eight miles. The outside course will include sections of Lake Huron, the Straits of Mackinac, and Lake Michigan. Could be one tough event. Below is a link to the event website: <https://sites.google.com/site/vkmchallenge/adventure-details>

Dave Chase, Holland, MI

Adventures & Experiences...

Boat Building a Blessed Experience

Being a voracious reader, nothing is more satisfying to me than something as good to read as *MAIB*. It's like food for the soul and fuel for the fires in which ideas are forged and shaped. I have particularly enjoyed the reprints of articles by Phil Bolger

and am continually amazed at what an incredible mind he had. I was deeply saddened when I found out about his death. I would place Phil up there in the top ten of most creative naval architects of all time. I am sure that he probably caused many of the more traditional ones to roll over in their graves more than once with some of his designs, and I think that's what I admired most about him. He didn't confine himself to a strict tradition of how "real" boats should look and perform. He was able to change his designs as materials for construction changed, he desired to reach a larger group of possible boat builders, and he also inserted a refined sense of humor into some of his designs.

I have yet to build a strict Bolger design, however, I am quite fond of Nymph and hope to build one someday soon. I have built several small boats over the years. My first was a Dennis Davis kayak, the DK13, which appeared in *WoodenBoat* many years ago. I also constructed a Steve Redmond design, Bluegill, which is a flat bottomed sailing skiff. Even though I had been a finish carpenter/cabinet maker for many years prior to building Bluegill, I was amazed that I could actually do something like building a boat. I used to go out after eating supper and just look at and touch this boat I was putting together and be overwhelmed with joy and a feeling that I was especially blessed to be having this experience.

When I was growing up I had two friends who lived on Bayou Davenport here in Pensacola (Florida). Bill's dad was an amateur boat builder and Earl's dad was a professional boat builder/commercial fisherman. I was privileged to be able watch those two dads put together many boats and it made such an impression on me that I knew one day I would have to build my first boat, it just took me longer than I thought it would.

I think my most rewarding boat building experience was with a friend's son who, for financial reasons, could not attend summer camp one year, so I decided that he and I would build a boat together. Kyle was about ten at the time. We constructed a loose interpretation of a Bolger design. I can't even remember which design it was but I do remember enjoying that experience immensely as did Kyle. There is nothing as satisfying as sharing a building experience with a child.

John Likens, Pensacola, FL

Arctic Exploration

This past summer we went on our fourth arctic canoe trip, so your commentary on books dealing with the history of arctic exploration were of special interest to us. Accounts of the early explorers are always amongst the reading we bring along on these trips. Sometimes their travels have overlapped ours and they explain the names of places we pass through.

I recall Farley Mowatt's *Top of the World Trilogy* was an entertaining summary of them, also *Dangerous River* by Patterson was good. On our most recent trip I discovered my favorite so far, *Kabloona* by Gontran de Poncins. It's an account of a year in the late '30s traveling amongst the natives, a good account of how they lived off the land.

Bruce Weik, Freedom, ME

Holiday Greetings

Our Christmas card featured our dory on its mooring in the Kennebunk River Basin off the South Congregational Church in Kennebunkport, Maine, as pictured.

Mike and Sandy Severance, Bay of Maine Boats, Kennebunkport, ME, maineboats@roadrunner.com



Winter at Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Here is the *Marion Brewington* tucked away snowbound. The ridgepole is a 2"x4" encased in a 4" thin wall PVC sewer pipe to keep the tarp from chafing on the wood ridge pole. It worked great last year.

Tom Shepard, Delaware River Chapter TSCA, Philadelphia, PA



Information of Interest...

Apprenticeship Report

2010 saw the number of people served by our organization almost double from around 500 to just over 1,000. A lot of that success comes from the tireless efforts of our staff, the reintroduction of our Second Thursdays at The Apprenticeship lecture series, and great summer sailing weather! As we move forward into 2011 our goal is to bring even more people, especially youth, onto our campus and into our programs.

Next summer we will expand both our youth and adult sailing programs to accommodate more students. We will again offer short summer courses for adults to encourage them to experience boat building, sailing, and other hands-on, traditional skills. We will partner with like-minded organizations such as Trekkers to bring more kids into the shop, and we will also seek more opportunities to open up our waterfront to more local youth.

Our mission of inspiring personal growth through craftsmanship, community and traditions of the sea has not changed, we

simply want to share it with more people. In today's world of digital communications and virtual entertainment, the real, hands-on experiences that The Apprenticeshop offers are more important than ever before. In the end it's not about building a boat or winning a regatta, it's about people, young and old, experiencing something that has the potential to change their lives.

Eric Stockinger, Shop Manager,
The Apprenticeshop, Rockland, ME,
www.apprenticeshop.org

Roger Allen

Cortez Museum Manager Resigns

I would like to inform my friends in the boat building world that I have resigned as site manager of the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez to accept a position at the Buffalo Maritime Center in Buffalo, New York. My wife, former Bradenton Beach Commissioner Lisa Marie Allen, has applied for a watershed coordinator position in Buffalo.

This new opportunity will allow me to again focus on boat building, unlike at Cortez where my responsibilities included site management of the Florida Heritage for Saltwater Preservation's FISH Preserve and the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez.

Roger Allen, Buffalo, NY

Information Wanted...

Looking for Melonseed Model Kit

I am looking for an article about a building kit for a 22" scale model of a Melonseed Skiff that was recently published in your wonderful *Messing About in Boats*. I have mislaid my issue and wondered if there were some way of my getting an address or means of contacting the model kit builder named in the article as I am interested in perhaps obtaining a kit for building.

George Duncan, Old Lyme, CT, gbduncan@snet.net

Editor Comments: I could not find the mentioned article so perhaps it appeared in another publication. Can anyone help George?

What Color Red?

As a single man sailing an 80-year-old ship's lifeboat painted white with Essex green gunwales I, of course, read Connie Benneck's "Sex Appeal by the Sea" with utmost attention. But now I wonder, "What Color Red???" Should I repaint with Kirby See Red, Interlux Fire Red, Pettit Burgundy, or what? I know lots of nice little harbors and I find reefs, ledges, and rocks effortlessly. But What Color Red???

John Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

In Memoriam...

John Elsen

At the bottom of Page 9 in your December issue is a picture of a bicycle pulling a kayak. This kayak was designed and built by John Elsen at the Havre de Grace, Maryland Wood Boat School. The school is part of the Havre de Grace Maritime Museum. From what I recall, John finished the kayak and it had its maiden launching in October. Sadly John died in a roofing accident not long after on November 15.

John's goal was to cycle and kayak in all 50 states while working on Habitat for Humanity projects. He was very involved in the Habitat for Humanity projects here in Baltimore. He had a degree in mechanical engineering and was owner of a roofing company. He was one of those people who had an impact on everyone he contacted.

I think that it is a shame that John never got a chance to see his boat pictured in your magazine and to see how much his efforts were admired.

Robert Knauff, Baltimore, MD

Otto Hansen

Enclosed please find my check for yet another great year of quite possibly the best publication in the universe! Usually at this time, I also include a gift subscription for my father-in-law, Mr Otto Hansen. Unfortunately, he passed away on October 22 of this year in his 91st year. He forgot more about sailing than I'll ever know and was a model man, husband, father, and sailor to everyone who knew him. In the '50s he raced his Lightning named *Time and Tide* at the Surf City, New Jersey, yacht club and won regularly. I recall seeing a newspaper article in which the writer notes, "Like time and tide, Otto Hansen waits for no man."

He was also the most frugal man I've ever met. He would regularly "chastise" me for spending the money on his subscription. Yours was the only magazine he accepted a subscription for, preferring instead to use the local library to read magazines and newspapers where he was well known and sadly missed. He was the only man I've known to reuse blue painter's tape repeatedly after using it for bootstripe masking. And he'd reuse it five more times!

He always enjoyed *Messing About in Boats* and would always turn first to Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" while I myself checked out the classifieds. He would snicker about this because he knew that "one boat is not nearly enough."

His last "big" boat was an Irwin Free-Spirit 21 named *Gannet* which he passed to my son when, at age 89, he felt he was getting too old to handle, preferring to limit his explorations to his Sunfish and a homemade kayak.

Thanks for a great magazine that I and my thoroughly blue-collar father-in-law and countless others can feel at home with.

Bob Errico, Manahawkin, NJ

Opinions...

Growing Market for Micro Boats

I was absolutely delighted by the pages on micro boats ("Rise of the Micro Boats, December). Just a few days before the magazine arrived, I had been thinking about the future of the automobile and how it might impact the world of boats. One thing is clear, the towing ability of the car is forever shrinking. My 15' pretty well stretches the limits of my Taurus wagon. Given the popularity of "green" and faced with the choice of an automobile with good mpg numbers but less towing ability, I feel there is a coming market for minimum boats, something we can car top or tow without having to buy an SUV.

Seems to me that there will be a growing market for small, light boats that perform well for their length. I even see Snark, if they're still in business, offering an ultra light 10-footer that would sail or row well.

John S. Smith, Hamilton NJ

Projects...

Something to do Through Winter

I'm still building boats in my shop here in Spruce Head, Maine, one pictured is a CLC Mill Creek 13. The fun part was all the varnishing and setting it up for fly fishing. It never did make it to the water because the owner has been traveling and didn't have a chance. He said he was satisfied just looking at it and wasn't sure he wanted to scratch it all up! I have another to build for spring and an order for a Bolger Sweet Pea so I'll have something to do through the winter.

I see Peter Spectre of *Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors* and Dynamite Payson often (they live nearby) and feel very lucky to be rubbing shoulders with them. Couldn't ask for a better gallery of critics. Without their support I'd never have done anything with boats.

Dennis Hansen, Spruce Head, ME,
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com



Nomadic Restoration

My name is Philippe Delaunoy and I am the European Coordinator of the nonprofit organization *Nomadic Preservation Society* (NPS) working for the restoration of White Star Line tender *Nomadic*. NPS is working on the last remaining *Nomadic* lifeboat that is probably the last original White Star Line lifeboat still existing in the world. The lifeboat had been built in 1910 by Harland & Wolff shipyard like all *Titanic's* lifeboats. She is of the type and size of *Titanic's* emergency boats.

NPS bought the boat in 2006 from a French museum where she spent more than 20 years in open air and without care so that she is now in a very poor state. NPS has just launched an international campaign in order to raise funds to preserve this precious artifact.

I would like to ask you if it could be possible for you to publish an article about the lifeboat in your magazine. I thank you very much in advance for your interest and support.

Philippe Delaunoy, www.nomadic-preservation-society.co.uk

Editor Comments: I welcome Philippe's article whenever he wishes to submit it for publication.

Winter Boating in Buffalo

I was going to do a story about frostbite sailing in the back yard after our early winter snowfall here in Buffalo, but I didn't think it would be of much interest to many, myself included. I've already had enough winter, too much snow, and nowhere to put it. No melt off in sight. Looks like it's here to stay, March is the next hope for milder weather. And they wonder why I don't like New York!

I have begun building a little 9' rowboat, not sure why. The plywood was there so... I also plan to build a PDR this winter/spring. The rules have no limit for the sail area so it will have plenty. I'm thinking of a main,

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a mizzen, a bowsprit, and possibly a topsail, all on a 4'x8' boat! If we don't win in St Michaels next year, we will at least be feared (laughed at, perhaps, wouldn't be the first for that). I already have most of what I need for it and it should be quick and easy to build.

I would love to find a way to get my 18' scaled down skipjack *Dreamcatcher* to MASCF next October. I'm looking around for a good roadworthy trailer at an unreasonably cheap price. Plenty of time for that. Happy sails.

Greg Grundtisch, 256 Iroquois Ave, Lancaster, NY 14086-1398



Editor Comments: The snow did get pretty deep there didn't it Greg!



Two Lengths and Three End Variations

I'll be building a double-ended rowing boat this winter with two possible lengths and three end variations all from one plan (see sketches).

Hilary Russell, Berkshire Boatbuilding School, Sheffield, MA, www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org



This Magazine...

Happy to Travel With Us

I have been reading through some of my older issues, specifically the ones from the spring of 1997, when you were publishing a long and very well-illustrated series of articles by Don Elliott entitled "Building Paradox." I do this from time to time to keep the articles more or less in my mind's forefront, and it never fails that I notice something new. In this case, it was Don's entire series, which I am quite certain I had skipped over

when reading those issues for the first time. Yet there it was, waiting for me to get to that point where I could appreciate the skill with which he not only built Paradox but showed us via his illustrations how he did it and why.

You were also running a series of articles by Phil Bolger on rigs, and in the April 15, 1997 issue sitting next to me as this is written, published an article of his on rowing.

I am sure you hear this accolade from time to time, but I want to reiterate it again, *Messing About in Boats* is a wonderful magazine and one that stands the test of time. Your deft touch in selecting those articles sure to appeal to those of us more than happy to travel with you down your "dirt road" was as evident back then as it is today.

Pete Leenhouts, Port Ludlow, WA

Grateful Appreciation

My grateful appreciation to Bob McAuley for his colorful Salt Creek cruise report in the October issue (**there's another in this issue—Ed**). I grew up in that Chicago west suburban area and spent many days on Old Salt Creek. It was good to learn that it is still being well maintained by the Forest Preserves.

I'll never forget when two teenage buddies and I rented a canoe from a building where the museum now sits. We became boisterous in mid-creek and the canoe tipped over. Bud swam madly about as Bob and I stood in the hip-deep water laughing at him. Not until we noticed our soaked wallets did we sober up. I wish my late older brother Herb could read of Bob's journey. Herb was a devotee of the area.

Writing this note makes me realize how many times I passed letting others know how much their writings meant to me. Case in point was the response to my letter published in *MAIB* asking if anyone knew what had happened to two unusual boats with which I had been fascinated. One was an inboard runabout offered by Sears post-WWII. I think it sold for about \$900 and I lusted after it. But it was never offered again in subsequent catalogs. What happened to it, I wondered? The other boat was a Mullins steel runabout which I used to see run races on Illinois' Fox River (winning usually).

Two readers filled me in. One had owned the company that was supposed to have supplied the Sears boat. His nice letter explained its problems and that it never got into production. Another reader not only filled me in on the Mullins history but supplied me with some old catalog pages.

Did I let readers in on what I had learned? No. Chalk that up to plain old ignorance but I have regretted my laxity.

So when the secretary of Dr Alex Moulton of Great Britain inquired into a boat called the "Liberty Launch" (You Write... September 2010) which interested him, I tried to make up for my previous indolence by looking into it. The photos showed a rakish pedal-powered boat which caught my attention since I had just seen something similar on the cover of Hammacher Schlemmer's mail order catalog, a pedal boat of similar lines. I thought there might be some connection and alerted them to it.

The pedal boat looked like a real beauty and I thought about how much fun it could be, that is if I had \$3,600 I didn't know what to do with. But I had made up a little for my past sloth.

Dick Schneider, Rye, NY

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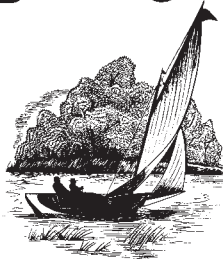
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*messing
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BOATS



Some of the best books in the cruising literature get lost in the scuffle, somehow never receiving the attention they deserve. It may be due to poor publicity and distribution, or it may be just plain bad luck. One such is the wonderful *The Boat Who Wouldn't Sink* by Clinton Trowbridge. A young married couple, endowed with boundless enthusiasm and somewhat less experience, buy an ancient, leaky 34' catboat. Thus begins a troubled love affair that would last 28 years.

A little hasty patchwork to slow the leaking, lead patches over soft spots, open seams and earlier lead patches, and Trowbridge and his wife, along with their infant son and a friend, are ready for a cruise from New Jersey to Maine. The boat is unsound, the crew inexperienced, and the ensuing madcap adventures harrowing. They make it, barely, arriving in sinking condition after a series of hair-raising near disasters. Somehow the author imbues all this with an almost overwhelming joie de vivre.

Trowbridge is the Hunter Thompson of the cruising literature. He tests the limits and beyond and he tells about it in an infectiously engaging manner. Clearly he relished every moment of this ill-conceived and perilous voyage. And despite the whole catalogue of dangers, mishaps, and almost fatal mistakes, you find yourself wishing you had been along for the ride.

Another part of the book deals with the author's frequently hilarious experiences chartering the same still leaky, marginally sound boat for day sails out of Bar Harbor, Maine. Trowbridge hires a resourceful youth named Bobby to act as first mate and assist him in this enterprise. Bobby would cast off dock lines as the charter began, then quickly retire below from whence loud rock music could soon be heard. Questioned about this, Trowbridge would roll his eyes skyward and mutter something about feckless teenagers and how you couldn't do anything with them. In fact, Bobby was down there pumping his heart out in an effort to keep the old bucket afloat. The



Book Reviews

The Boat Who Wouldn't Sink

By Clinton Trowbridge
Vineyard Press, 2000

Reviewed by W.R. Cheney

music was a diversion designed to hide the sound of pumping from the paying customers.

It usually worked, but not everyone was fooled. One customer who quickly twigged this ruse was no less a personage than maritime historian Samuel Elliot Morrison. But Morrison heartily approved of Trowbridge and his boat anyway. "I like the *Scatt*," he declared after a sail during which he himself had taken a turn at the pump. "A real ship. No fancy geegaws."

The yarn about why Morrison was obliged to buy jackknives by the case is alone worth the price of admission. It seems the author of *The European Discovery of America* could never cure himself of the absent-minded habit of opening a bottle of beer, carefully placing the cap in his shirt pocket, and tossing the jackknife overboard. Since

the renowned author and scholar was fond of having more than one in the course of his nautical outings, the toll in jackknives could be heavy.

This is not a "first I donned my life preserver" kind of book, nor would anyone ever mistake Trowbridge for a Boy Scout. But while prudent mariners may wince at the risks Trowbridge takes and look askance at the mildly underhanded subterfuges he occasionally perpetrates, some, I hope, will not be able to suppress a half-admiring giggle at the sheer exuberance of it all.

In many ways *The Boat Who Wouldn't Sink* could be considered a textbook on how not to operate a boat. In an epilogue the author mentions that after improbably surviving 28 years with his beloved *Scatt*, he moved on to a Marshall 22. Equipped at last with a sound and seaworthy craft, his favorite form of sport was to wait for "a blow," tie in all three reefs, and let her rip.

"What's that you say Mr Trowbridge? Why yes, that storm flag certainly does make a brave sight standing out straight like that and making a noise like a machine gun. Go sailing with you today? Oh, there's nothing I would like better. Really there isn't. But I, um, I er... I'm afraid I promised to mow the lawn today..."

In the end, this is a book about carefree adventure and a wild kind of zest for life. Whatever one thinks of Trowbridge's seamanship and judgment, nobody can miss the fact that he had a great good time exercising them. Not everybody might want to get on board the old *Scatt* and actually go along with him. But reading about it can't hurt you, and you are almost certain to have a lot of vicarious fun.

Finally it must be said that while Trowbridge works hard to present himself as a gonzo waterman, he can't quite conceal the fact that he is also something of a poet. Almost hidden among descriptions of 28 years of nautical misadventures are sensitive and intelligent perceptions of another great voyage, the one we all take through life.

Although originally published by a university press, *The Sea Bright Skiff and Other Jersey Shore Boats* doesn't qualify as a dry dusty academic tome. The chapters, though short, mostly do a good job of laying out the history of the various skiffs, sneakboxes, and surfboats that were developed to meet the conditions along the northern New Jersey shoreline. The story isn't obfuscated by academic language (pun intended). The first half of the book covers the Sea Bright skiff; the second half is titled "The Barnegat Sneakbox & Other Shore Boats."

After covering the description and history of the Sea Bright, Guthorn discusses fishing the harborless Jersey shore (the reason a safe, shore launched surfboat was needed), focusing first on pound fishing and then other fishing techniques. Construction of the skiffs comes next, before getting to the most famous part of the Sea Bright skiff's history, its use by rum runners during Prohibition. Chapters on the surf boats, pleasure craft, and the boat builders round out the story. The last chapter in this half is a list of known skiff builders as of the author's research (1960s). The period photographs are nicely supplemented

The Sea Bright Skiff and Other Jersey Shore Boats

By Peter J. Guthorn
Rutgers University Press, 1971
Schiffer Publishing, Ltd, 2001 paperback

Reviewed by John C. Nystrom

by brochures from builders like King. The author was able to interview not only builders, but also owners, fishermen, rum runners, and other users. Anyone familiar with Dave Gerr's *The Nature of Boats* will recognize the connection between this book and Gerr's chapter "Sea Skiffs: Sea Bright and Otherwise." (Gerr's book is one of the sources that led me to this out of print volume.)

The second part of the book is mostly given over to the Barnegat sneakbox, with special focus on the central place of Nathan-

iel Bishop in the boat's history. Bishop was famous in the 19th century for rowing a sneakbox down the Ohio and Mississippi to Florida, not to mention canoeing adventures and crossing South America when he was 17 by walking across the Patagonian pampas and the Andes; Bishop was also a founding member of the American Canoe Association.

The sneakbox was originally a waterfowl hunting boat used in very shallow waters like Barnegat Bay. A chapter is dedicated to the sneakbox as a gunning skiff, and the next chapter covers racing sneakboxes and the changes and, of course, extreme changes in the boats in pursuit of speed. The final chapters cover other gunning skiffs and specialized crab and oyster fishing skiffs along the Jersey shore. In addition to the original Rutgers University hardback edition, there have been at least two printings by a commercial publisher in paperback. This is a book of historical interest that may find its way back into print, but until then inter-library loan through your local library and used booksellers are the only sources for this volume; a great read and wonderful beginning point for a boater's daydreaming.

Messing About in Boats, December 2010 – 7

Some online discussion had resulted in a date rather earlier than usual, mid-September. I had promoted the idea of doing the dam end of the lake where bigger water favors real sailing. However, the Yahoo guys, who are mostly weekend messers, favored the Bullfrog-Stanton Creek area where car camping is practical. A check of the calendar revealed that I was pressed for time and a mid-lake location would save me a day's travel, so I readily concurred. I was shooting for IBEX in Louisville and MASCF in St Michaels immediately after.

Steven called for a Saturday start, he's gone and gotten an 8 to 5, so we rolled into Stanton Creek near sundown, in the nick of time to meet Dave and Anita headed home. Dave, the Dutch oven guru, assured me that there was plenty of supper left. We found the gang at the far end of the world, well isolated by a couple of serious sand pits.

Supper takes second place to a cold beer and catching upon the year's doings. Newcomer this year was Jon Larson, who found himself enmeshed in this strange company as a result of buying the Leinwebber Lady Bug. Chuck the Duck had his new Michalak Laguna, a 22' sharpie cat ketch. See recent stories in *WoodenBoat* and *Small Craft Advisor*.

A couple of years ago while grubbing around in the Lake Powell website (waynes-words.com), I ran across a photo of a waterfall where the San Juan River enters Lake Powell. This grabbed my attention because there has been warning of a waterfall on the government brochure for a number of years now. Axon and I discussed the matter while running the San Juan to the Mexican Hat takeout. He opined that he could probably run it in his Sea Pearl. I assured him that I would be right behind in the A Duckah!

Being a geology major, I knew that a powerful river like the San Juan would easily cut right through its delta of soft alluvium as the lake level fell. At most there might be a little riffle. This year Chuck and Sandra came early with the big Laguna loaded with gasoline and supplies for an expedition to Fatt Falls. By the time they got from the Hall's Crossing ramp down to the junction with the San Juan, they were having second thoughts. The Escalante was at hand and seemed a more attractive idea. I am sorta glad as I would like the mysterious Fatt Falls to remain an elusive goal. When I get my inboard 22-footer, I'll see about it.

Chuck had gotten an explanation for the falls which was most interesting. The San Juan drains a lot of sand country and so carries a load of silt. It began building a delta as

Kokopelli 2010 Follow-On

By Jim Thayer

(Jim's son Steven beat Dad to the printed page with his personal viewpoint in the December issue. Herewith Jim's report along with several participants' follow up stories).

the lake rose and worked at it for years until the lake filled. In recent years, as the lake level began to drop, the river found itself on a plain of soft sediment and began to wander around. At some point it became trapped in a new bed and, as it cut down, encountered solid rock. Ergo, Fatt Falls. A little knowledge is often considered dangerous, but a lot can also get you in trouble. Luckily, we never acted on my conclusion that a serious waterfall was impossible.

Where were we? Ah yes, Sunday at a respectable hour the Kokonauts were on the water, save Kim Apel who was somewhere en route. The wind was light and it took me a number of tacks to get past a headland which I have dubbed "Magnetic Rock." The destination was Hall's Creek Bay, a wide expanse of water running N/S and separated from Bullfrog Bay by a narrow ridge. When the lake is near full there is a pass through the ridge right across from the Bullfrog launch. With the lake down about 80' we had to run the gauntlet down Bullfrog, then to the main Colorado channel, thence back north through the narrow crooked channel of Hall's Creek.

It being our lucky day, a light southerly pushed us up the canyon until it opened into the bay which stretched some eight miles to the north. On the port hand was a long finger with some attractive landing spots, but it was decided to move along. We considered a nice beach, but having been run off such a place by big breakers when we stopped for lunch, we moved on to a nice little cove. Sandra did stroganoff as a start for a pleasant evening.

Monday we were off uplake with a south wind that drew westward giving us a nice ride, but at the end we had to work for a dandy beach. All, that is, except the Laguna which went back to look for Kim who was coming late from SoCal. Steven and Tanner explored the head of navigation and reported extensive expanses of partly flooded tammerisk. Mike later found that if one concentrated on getting a trimaran through the brush a cottonwood

skeleton might grab one's mast. The Penguin people were fooling with a water ski they had found but there was no way the little boat could get Tanner up. I did curried chicken for dinner, and we had a white man fire.

Tuesday the aggressive types were off to explore the Waterpocket Fold, except Kim, who borrowed Jon's o/b for a run back to Bullfrog to get his glasses. It was very nearly the same spot where, years ago, the WW Potter rowed back to get glasses, but at that time the pass was open.

After a near catatonic packing regime, I drifted off south on the near moribund breeze. Noonish I pulled up on a nice beach, thinking to deal with both ends of my GI tract. Within moments a powerboat had pulled up some 40 yards off and proceeded to set up an afternoon's infrastructure. Lunch finished, Kim pulled in and knocked over the rest of the curry, chased by a tin of kippers. By this time the Laguna and Penguin had come up to see what was going on. Soon they all sailed off on the building breeze and I assumed that the p/b crowd was engrossed in their own activities.

The scouts checked several good looking spots but found the sand to be muddy. Avoid reddish sand, it must be golden. Mid afternoon found us in a narrow gut on the south side of the Big Rock Mounds with decent beach and good tent sites. We came ashore and whacked der grossen wassermelon.

John started dinner with Sandra's help (or was it other way round), Concurrent with John's project, the Penguin desert duo started a cherry cobbler in a Dutch oven (where are you, Dave?). It turned out to be cordon bleu and seconders were cut short. We were surprised to see a 30' auxiliary, earlier noted powering up the bay, now short tacking through the nearby channel and on south. The cobbler fire became an Indian fire long into the night.

Wednesday dawned with enough cloud to keep tempting the video, but it soon morphed into a full overcast. After breakfast, Chuck and Sandra announced that they were checking it in. They had been on the lake 12 days and didn't want to risk burnout, and the weather looked iffy.

The cruise to date had been very pleasant, if a trifle mundane. Apparently fate had chosen me to provide a bit of entertainment. In my mind I had thoroughly rehearsed departure. Drop the board, then the rudder, pinch up, and exit on one board. Ready! I heard a lot of shouting and checked to be sure the rudder was down. As I fetched up against the rocks on the far side, I noticed the c/b pennant was still in the cam cleat. I grabbed an oar, pushed

Nina at ease in tranquil conditions.



John and Kim ready to push off in the Laguna.



off, dropped the board, and was immediately back whence I had departed. The shore crew got me turned around and I exited according to plan. Some 40 yards into the clear I saw my oar go by the board. Not one to panic (I don't have enough breath to panic), I made something to windward and then went back and snagged it on the first pass. The moral: Put stuff back where it belongs.

Staying close to the western shore required an occasional tack. The drill on Nina is push the tiller down (it'll stay hard over), move the cushion across, make sure the pile of sheet is ready to run, then smoothly shift the old bod while lifting the cannula overhead. By this time we are through the eye, so fall off a bit to gain way, then harden up, and settle back. The old girl is very reliable as long as one sets her up properly.

Soapbox time! Several years ago the Editor generously gave his page over to one of my tirades. Because the hordes of power monsters and smaller irritants ruin Lake Powell for sailing and, to a lesser extent, paddle sports, I suggested that the lake be closed to power craft for three weeks each October. The response was massively underwhelming. I got one letter.

I naively thought the request was reasonable. The summer season was over. The ten gallon/hour guys should be broke or burned out. Who could object to sharing three weeks with the quiet people? Well, after listening to the howls of outrage greeting suggestions to curb the depredations of four wheelers in these hills, I realized I had way overstepped the bounds of reason, to say nothing of trampling Motherhood and Apple Pie. The outrage of the motorheads would make the NRA seem like timid schoolboys.

This year, as the Kokonauts sailed around Hall's Creek Bay, an epiphany hit me right between the eyes. This bay would be the perfect sanctuary for wind and human powered craft. It's a stretch of water some eight miles long and two to four miles wide which cries out for sailing. There are many coves, holes, and, absent the horrendous wakes, beaches for camping. Just to west rises the Waterpocket Fold, a wonderland of rock, chopped by canyons, some of which hold small streams, ponds, arches, and other wonders. These riches are of little, if any, interest to the power crowd.

Just recently I was thumbing through the Nov-Dec Issue of *National Geographic Traveler*, which on its cover proclaims "99 Destinations Rated." Running through the listing I was amazed to find Lake Powell listed under "The World's Great Islands, Beaches, and Coastlines." Under the heading "Facing Trouble" Lake Powell is rated "Under Severe Pressure." Well, I would have made the same assessment, but I didn't know that anybody else was paying attention. Perhaps there is hope.

A straightforward appeal to reason or charity would be shot down on sight. Public scoping sessions would stir up a hornet's nest. Better just do it by executive fiat. "Closed for Beach Rejuvenation" should do the job. Can anyone doubt that those wakes are causing erosion? The bay certainly makes up less than 1% of total lake area so loss of wake jumping room is not significant. The entrance to the bay is narrow and could be

cheaply posted. One would have to bar all IC engines, no matter how small. This would bring yelps from some sailors but you can't have it both ways and still be indignant. Would it do to unship the o/b and hide it? One can argue. Electric? Sure. Nirvana is in sight, just don't forget your glasses!

Now, back to our story. Our destination was the long lead to the west that we had explored on first entering the bay. John, Mike, and evidently Kim had decided to bag it up and kept going south. We found a good spot just across the beach from a nice cave. A threatening cloud speeded setting up camp and Jon motored up just in time to join us in the cave for a short but violent shower. Wicked storm clouds were marching by to the north and south, but we were favored with bright sunshine. Steven went out to hot-dog in the Penguin, mooning us with the rail down. Later, after some reading and a card game, Steven went off exploring and came back with a bit of firewood.

Supper was based on the old Boy Scout system of dumping all your cans in a pot. Our stores provided a can of regular chili, one of spicy chicken chili, and a Chef Boyardee spaghetti with extra big meatballs. With a side of butter fried peppers, it was surprisingly good. For desert, the Penguin guys broke new ground. Picture chunks of angel food cake dipped in sweetened condensed milk, and covered with shredded coconut, then toasted over the fire. There were mechanical problems, but still a qualified success. As the desert service wound down, our lane of sky was occupied by a large thundering cloud that sent us running for the cave.

A little freshet came running across the beach, but divided to leave our fire sodden but alive. The sky cleared and looked safe enough, but Steven kindly cleared a bed spot in the cave where I spent a comfortable night.

Before breakfast Steven, with Tanner in tow, set off to review some of the scenic goodies discovered on his previous ramble. I amused myself feeding a bunch of carp and a lone duck, who was no match for the aggressive fish. Mid-morning found us rowing out the entrance canyon under hot sun and dead calm.

During lunch a slight westerly drifted by and got us around the corner within sight of home, maybe five miles off. It then shifted around to the north and fizzled away. Jon came motoring up behind and tried sailing for a while, then came by and offered a tow. I declined and took up the oars. An hour later Jon came back with Steven, who explained that Jon needed help loading his boat. Well, it would certainly be churlish to refuse a tow under such circumstances.

We spent the night low in the Henrys in a previously scouted nice spot now ravaged by the recent rains. Come morning, the boys headed out to explore Hog Springs and I hit the trail for home.

Come with us now on the Kokopelli and enjoy Starvation and a bit of MASCF as well. Only \$19.50 for two hours of thrilling DVD boat stuff. Cash, check, or money order to: Grand Mesa Boatworks, 662 Wintergreen St, Grand Junction, CO 81504. Be sure to check our website, grandmesaboatworks.com. Happy sailing.



Penguin on easy reach.



Tommy's arch.



John after the cobbler.

Sandra and Chuck say goodbye.



Follow Up Reports

From Mike Jackson

Wow. What a great messabout and Kokopelli Cruise this year. I had a great time as always. It was wonderful seeing everybody. I had to head back on Wednesday morning, just after the storm started rolling in. That was pretty exciting, fighting upwind most of the way. Things got a little hairy in the narrow channel on the way back to Hall's Crossing when the wind really started to whip and a cold rain set in. I had no wet weather gear and was taking spray right in the face for a while. I finally decided to come ashore on a little beach about 15' across, and by the time I got the Mirage drive out and paddled ashore I missed the nice landing spot. My port aka got caught under a rock ledge and the aka brace connection snapped. To top it off, I discovered that my GPS was no longer attached to its tether.

The rain didn't last long so I put on a dry shirt and walked over to where John Dennison and Kim Apel had wisely come ashore a few hundred yards before I did. John had put on his dry suit by this time and let me borrow a paddle jacket so the rest of the trip to

Stanton Creek was much more comfortable. I lashed the aka brace in place and just as Kim rowed by my little beach, hello, I noticed my GPS was slowly washing ashore... and it still worked. So it was a great adventure and I'm glad to be here to tell it. I hope everyone else made it home safely.

From Jon Larson

Many thanks to all for a great time. Enjoyed meeting and spending time with all of you. Special thanks for helping an old arthritic get along. Steve and Tanner quickly set up my tent when bad weather threatened and loaded my boat onto the trailer. Couldn't have done it by myself. Thanks to Chuck and Sandra for making me comfortable. I feel slightly guilty for stealing their chair all the time. The biggest surprise was the dinners. I thought we were going primitive! Praises to Jim for the hardware store, grocery store, fruit market all stocked in one boat. Enjoyed watching Steve show off with the Penguin in heavy air. Oh, to be young and nimble. I gotta keep working on Ladybug to point higher, but enjoyed sailing on the rail. Hope to join up with you again.

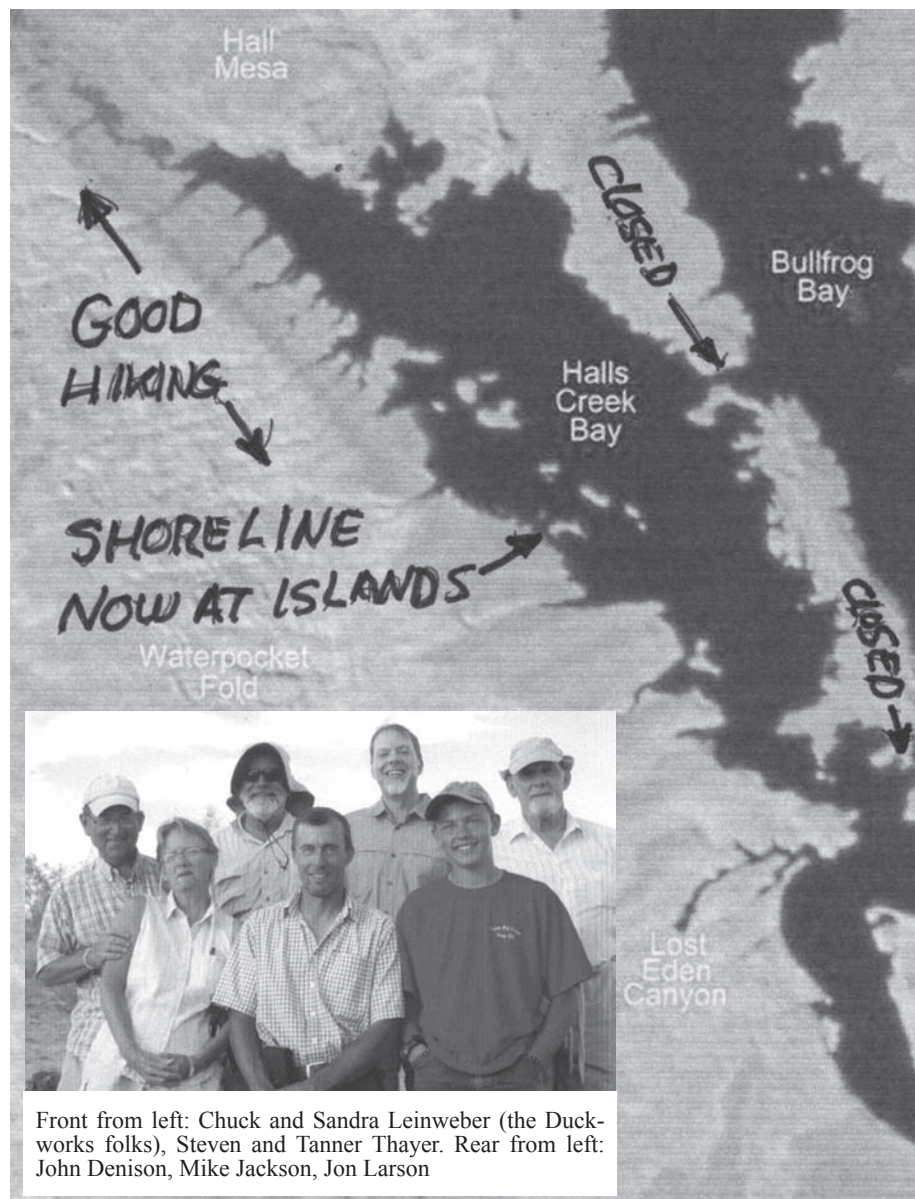
From David Hahn

We had a great time, too. We would be happy to try Farley's or White. Last that I saw on Wayne's Words under the water level tab (bottom of page) was that Farley's was not launchable. I don't know how everyone would feel about launching at a marina and then boating to the camping point... might be complicated, but our first camp last year down channel from Hite was nice and not that far away. I'd be happy to tow some boats. Lots of time to talk about next year.

It was great to see everyone. Small boat voyagers have a honesty and genuineness that is very refreshing. Skill in handwork, skill in sailing, and the courage and curiosity to create new designs and try new ideas are what impresses.

From Chuck Leinweber

Hey guys, we took off a bit early after only 12 days on the lake. Anyway, we drove down to the Farley Canyon camp and it did not look feasible to launch boats there at all. I like Dave's idea of launching at Hite next year and voyaging to a camp area nearby. Sandra pointed out that one nice thing about Hite is, no houseboats. Also, there are not many water skiers or jet skis. Mostly fishermen down there.



Front from left: Chuck and Sandra Leinweber (the Duckworks folks), Steven and Tanner Thayer. Rear from left: John Denison, Mike Jackson, Jon Larson



Steven and Tanner, father/son bonding.



Jim and Tanner, grandfather/grandson bonding. Tanner waits for the fried toast.



For the last three years I have been sailing and rowing a little boat, *Roxy*, I made with a friend. This summer for my 14th birthday I got a Sunfish. A Sunfish can be a one-person boat or, from what I have tried, it can carry three people. Any more than three people and things can get messy. I loved this boat from the very start. It is easy to sail and it can pick up some serious speed. I have had lots of adventures, whether they were camping out on a beach, having a gentle sail in the sunrise, or sailing in winds that I shouldn't have been out in. The particular story that I am going to share is when my friend Mike and I went out into 40mph gusts.

I woke up to the sides of my tent smashing to the beams. I was all curled up in my sleeping bag and I didn't want to get up, but I managed to force myself out of my warm sleeping bag into the harsh shivering air. I got dressed and went outside to find my friend Mike waiting for me in his car. I knew we would find something to do so I jumped in. We drove down the main street of Prudence Island along the water to make sure that my sailboat was OK. For some reason we both decided that it would be a good idea to try and sail. We thought that it would be a great time considering the fact that this was the most wind we have seen on Prudence in about ten years. Imagine all of the fun we could have.

We drove back to my house and grabbed some life jackets. I got a waterproof shirt that I had gotten for my birthday. As we approached the boat again we began to second-guess our decision. We both knew that we were good sailors, but the conditions were really harsh and things could get messy. In the end we both agreed that once we were out on the water we would get a rush of adrenaline and be fine. Mike and I pushed the boat into the water. The waves were huge and the cold air was rushing under my shirt, giving me a chill.

Mike decided to call his girlfriend and tell her if he didn't call back in an hour then she should call someone to come down to the beach and help us. I realized that I should have told my parents, but the truth is that I had a feeling that they would have said I couldn't go. The upside to this adventure was the fact that the wind was blowing in to the shore so if anything did go wrong we would be blown to shore. Even though it was August I felt the tips of my fingers beginning to get numb while I was waiting in the water for Mike to come back.

Boys Will be Boys

By Owen Morris
(Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island)



When he did, I popped the rudder into place and tightened it as hard as I could. Mike hopped onto the boat and grabbed the tiller. He was ready for the boat to start sailing. On my own it was hard to hold the boat in irons, but I managed to do it. I jumped into the boat and as quickly as I could I started to raise the sail. The wind was pushing us back into the shore and I knew that we wouldn't get out if I didn't get the sail up. Just in time I cleated the sail and popped in the centerboard. The boat was off! It was a close call, but we did it. The boat wasn't even out of the cove and we were hitting hull speed.

Then all of a sudden Mike looked at me and calmly said that the rudder had popped out. He still had the tiller in his hand, but the blade was not popped in. I knew what I had to do, I let the sail out to slow us down a bit and then jumped out of the boat and grabbed onto the back as hard as I could. The boat was moving at about six knots and it was hard to hang onto. With one hand I started to hit the rudder in. After about five hits it popped in and I tightened it again. With all of my strength I pulled myself back into the boat and we were back on course. Once we were out of our little cove the waves were swelling about 4' tall and my little boat was getting a foot of air each time we hit one. I couldn't stop my body from shaking. I was freezing.

Mike was holding the tiller as tight as he could to keep on course. Since we were on a beam reach the boat was heeling so much that our whole cockpit was full of water. Mike and I knew that it was time to turn in so we pulled a long tack to keep from jibing. Going downwind turned into a big problem. We were both at the very back of the boat trying to keep the bow from going under. Then all of a sudden we started to ride a 4' wave. Riding the wave we lost control of our boat for a second, and in this kind of wind a second of no control can lead to a disaster.

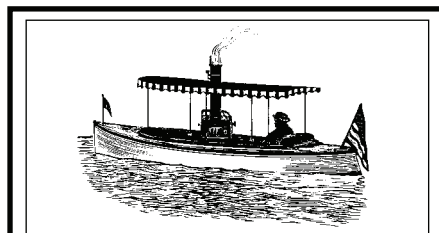
Our boat was high in the air and we were moving fast. Then out of nowhere, like crashing on a bike, it all happened in one blur. The boat jibed and the rudder snapped. We had no control. We both dove to the other side of the boat to keep it from tipping. I let the sail down. We kept calm and acted fast. Mike used our oar to orient us in the direction of the shore. I stood up on the boat and used my body to catch enough wind to bring us back into the shore.

Mike and I went to his house, got into some dry clothes, and started to work on a new rudder with metal plates. That night when I came home and decided to tell my parents about the adventure. I couldn't keep it away from them. They weren't too happy with me, but we all decided that it was a learning experience and I had the sailing bug. Word got out fast on Prudence so it was no coincidence that the next day the sailing guru of Prudence, Don Betz, came over and took me out for a sail and a chat.

Overall this adventure was a learning experience and we now know that 40mph gusts are not safe.



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L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419

It seemed that there were two basic ways of tackling the North Sea in the process of getting to the Kiel Canal and thence into the Baltic to Denmark, our destination. Either straight out into the teeth of whatever the North Sea was handing out at the time (and just you look, right now perhaps, at the forecast for German Bight and see whether you would fancy it); or, given a little more time, the Gentleman's Route since there were only two of us, over to Holland, into the canals for as long as possible, sleeping at nights, then nipping out at a well-timed moment and back into the Elbe and up to Brunsbüttel for the Kiel Canal. Then the Baltic, where the weather is permanently wonderful. Well, usually.

Being a gentleman and a coward, I firmly argued for the alternative during the final interview (after the written exam, Pete takes these matters seriously), suggesting that even if it took, say, three weeks that for us should not be a problem.

Five days into the allotted three weeks saw *Nirvana* still cowering in Levington Marina, waiting for a wind with any sort of west in it. The crew had been reinforced for the crossing itself (apparently I had achieved only a bare pass mark in the exam) by a friend of Pete's called Sam. She turned out to be delightful, and very capable and experienced; it helped to at least postpone Chris's raised eyebrows when I could report, "Yes, friend of Pete's called Sam coming with us, frighteningly competent..."

Eventually with a half-decent SE'ly on offer, we set off rather bizarrely (it seemed to me) NE up the coast, towards Orfordness and what might well eventually be Norway. I had yet to look carefully at the charts, my only real preparation had been buying a copy of Arthur Ransome's *We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea* in the chandlery. Pete was spending a lot of time playing with some new interconnected nav equipment he had acquired, and which actually seemed to be working, at least for now. It could not only tell, and show, us where we were, it could tell us exactly where and when an approaching vessel over 300 tons was going to run us down. Very reassuring we thought. And if staring at the screen long enough to work all this out led to neglect of the helm, well the odd gybe was a small price to pay.

The first 12 hours went without incident, although then discovering that we had progressed to about halfway across at an

To the Baltic with Pete

Another Epic Misadventure

By Gruff Russ Read
Reprinted from *Jib & Mizzen*
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average 3mph was a bit disheartening. Would you choose to cross the North Sea at walking pace when Ryanair can whisk you across in under an hour? But to be woken at 3am by the fragrance of a hot, meaty meal cooked up by Sam, and cries of "supper" was a totally unexpected pleasure, even if the price was to spend the next three hours staring into the darkness (or the Satnav-type display) and at those seas which always at night seem to be rushing past at twice their real speed.

But the wind was simply not cooperating, and just over halfway across we decided to forget our preferred destination of IJmuiden and to head further south for Vlissingen (Flushing). Eventually the wind did improve, and for the last hour we raced headlong towards Flushing, wind and tide with us, resulting in a (*Nirvana* record) speed of 9.8kts over the ground, although a couple of loops of the jib furling gear jumping off the roller necessitated a heroic crawl by Pete along a wildly-plunging bowsprit to sort it out.

Oh, and I forgot one high point, the appearance of four or five dolphins to escort us towards Holland for a while in the early hours.

And so to the calm of the Dutch canals for a couple of restorative days, at which point Sam left us, implausibly saying that she was missing her children. The only excitement was a minor incident of running aground (and if you think that being aground on a falling tide is bad, think about doing it where there is no tide). The Dutch inland buoyage system takes a bit of getting used to.

Out onto the sea again at Hellevoetsluis we motored relentlessly northward through a very long wind-free day towards Den Helder, pausing only briefly to avoid being run down by a malevolent dredger off Europort, its partner seemingly engaged in creating an artificial island with the aid of huge powerful water jets. Passing IJmuiden at last we were already about a week behind our original

schedule, and the skipper was getting noticeably twitchy: talked of "pressing on" on the outside towards the Friesian Islands. This had to be firmly countered by a reminder that the two of us were doing this the gentlemanly way, getting a night's sleep here and there.

So, after a night in Den Helder (a mainly naval base) and relying on the advice of some very inebriated Dutch sailors there, we headed northeastwards through the Waddensee towards Harlingen, a lovely old town, and thence into the canals again, eastwards through Friesland. Motoring, of course, and with the frequent delays in getting through lifting bridges, making slow progress, but at least there was (very flat) scenery on both sides to distract us.

Much effort was expended getting the definitive picture of a Dutch blonde riding one of those very Dutch sit-up-and-beg bikes along the towpath, everyone in Holland seems to ride one, even cool 17-year-olds. Then there was the occasional picturesque moment of a wooden clog lowered by means of a fishing rod, to collect the few euros toll for a bridge. And everywhere traditional Dutch boats of all sizes, some beautifully-restored Lemsteraaks, and many of the big trading vessels still working, very impressive.

A night in Leeuwarden, moored to the canal bank, our masts tangled with the tree branches; a brief stop in Groningen, another pretty town (but the skipper still twitching to press on); and finally to Delfzijl and out into the Ems estuary. North of us was Riddle of the Sands territory. Was the tide right for us to cut inside Borkum and bump across the sands towards Nordeney, Davies style? Probably, but the sea was choppy and our nerve failed, the compensation was a terrific sail, at last, out and around Borkum, past Juist and into Nordeney's well-sheltered harbour.

Here the manic urge to press on seemed to be diminished; and in any case there were three successive days of sixes' and sevens' forecast. So we played tourist: rented bikes, shopped, bought ice creams (Pete lusting after a working model helicopter from a shop called something like Mannentraume (Boys' Toys); and made friends with our neighbours in the marina who were on a six month escape from their jobs, bravely taking with them two teenage sons.

Eventually with a halfway decent forecast, we headed out into a lumpy sea and gathering darkness for the dreaded Elbe, which by



Nirvana in Leeuwarden



Nirvana encounters U.Boat in the Baltic.

now loomed large, the major obstacle: once there we could surely make it to Denmark in time. Around us in the darkness were those islands with unforgettable names for Childers fans: Memmert, Langeoog, Speikeroog, and ahead, close to "Elbe One," the outermost mark for the major shipping channel into the Elbe, was the Scharhorn Reef, a name to conjure with. Waking from a fitful sleep to take over the watch I was astonished to find us sailing through a closely-packed fleet of merchant ships. "Don't panic," said Pete, "they're all anchored," and disappeared below.

It's essential to arrive at "Elbe One" at low water and to carry the flood in towards Cuxhaven and beyond to Brunsbüttel. With a bit of help from the engine we made it ten minutes early, pretty clever we thought. Furthermore, the Elbe was in benign mood, giving us another romping sail in warm morning sunshine. We were elated, so close at last to the famous Kiel Canal.

Through a huge lock (actually the smaller one of two) we found ourselves in a different world and in desperate need of sleep. We slept through a fascinating video showing how the canal was built, then slept some more back on board. Waking to find a block of flats seemingly beyond the locks turning into a cruise liner emerging from one, we set off in pursuit. The Canal is very wide, conveniently, since we met more huge ships

traveling quite fast in both directions and hugging the bank seems sensible.

We were to rendezvous with Sam at Rendsburg, about halfway along. Having kept track of us by text messages at intervals along the way, she had decided she wanted to see something of the Canal and of the Baltic itself. Our joint culinary prowess had been exhaustively tested by now, and we had eaten out (deliciously) too many times; we looked forward to her return. "Typical males" I think was the response.

Arriving at Kiel, a long day's motoring but without major incident, we locked out; the Baltic, at last! Aarhus, our intended destination, was about 120 miles to the north. So no prizes for guessing where the wind was coming from. A long tack out of the Kiel Fjord NNE towards the aptly named island of Langeland, south of Fyn, was enlivened by the sudden appearance of a German U-boat steaming across our bows, not far from the German-Danish border; was that boundary still a contentious issue, we wondered? The anchorage that night was an idyllic inlet just north of Sonderborg, Denmark, proper at last. The Danes (the happiest Europeans according to a recent survey) were happily celebrating midsummer evening with bonfires on the beaches all round us.

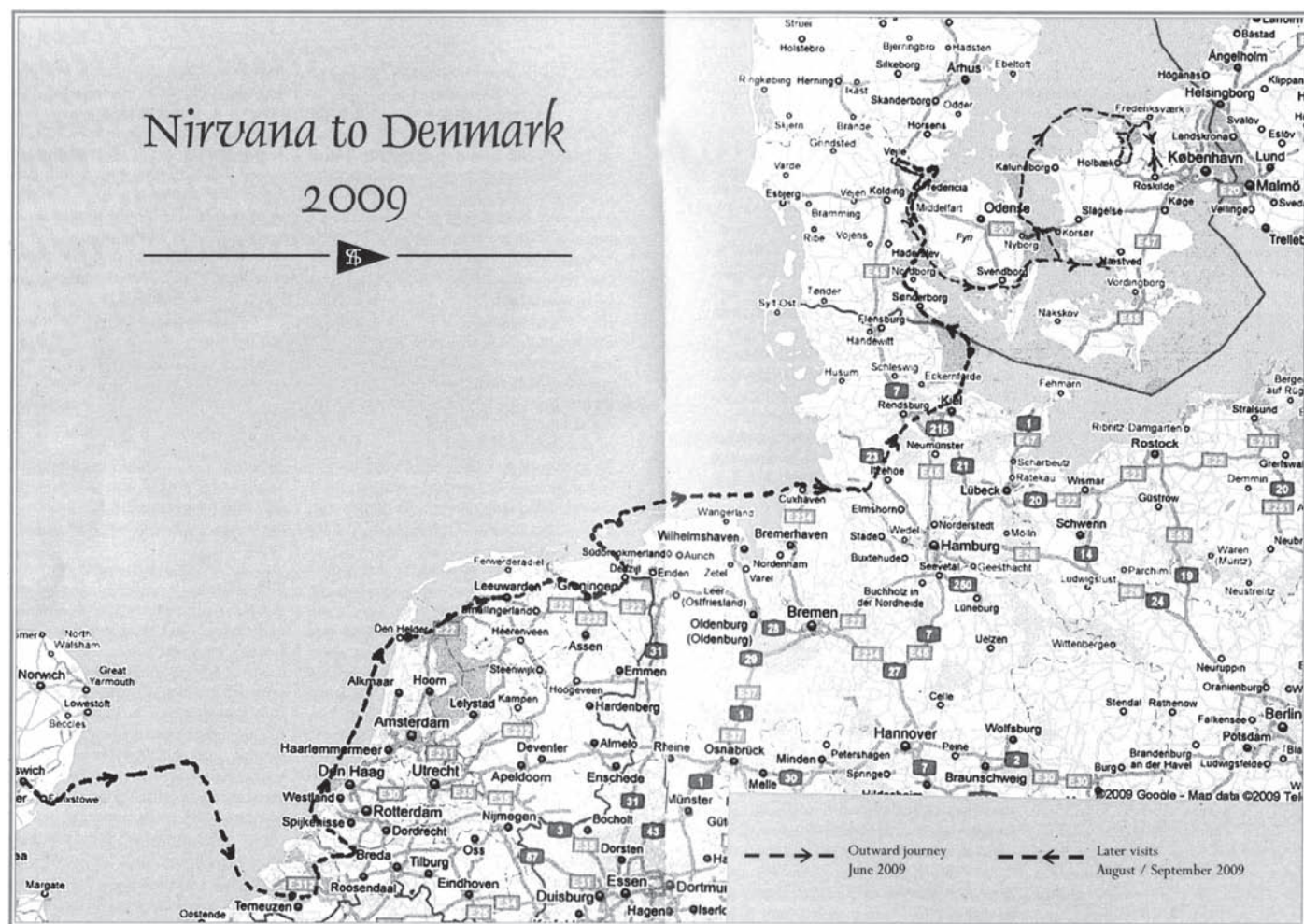
Then onwards the next day and into he Lille Belt, the channel between Jutland to the west and the large island of Fyn, a gorgeous

cruising area. Our likely destination that night was the wonderfully named Middelfart, on Fyn, in the event we found a tiny marina in a sleepy suburb called Strib, but returned to the former for a celebratory meal in a 16th century inn, resolutely bypassing what I felt forced to describe as an "utterly repellent" modern marina building and its restaurant.

This celebration of "getting there" was perhaps a touch premature. The next morning found us battling horrible seas and an increasingly strong headwind. Silent thoughts of, "Why are we doing this?" by the crew seemed eventually to be shared by Pete. We had flights pre-booked from Aarhus in two days' time, but what about the excellent Danish rail system? So we turned tail, with the usual miraculous result, crashing became surfing as we raced up the Vejle Fjord.

So for the moment *Nirvana* is in Vejle Marina, awaiting further adventures this summer; a winter in Aarhus (if she ever gets there); and more exploration of this fantastic area next year.

A final word or two about the boat, properly *Nirvana of Arklow*. This 1925, 36' Albert Strange yawl is a joy to sail; fast, powerful, immensely strongly built, and supremely elegant both above and below decks. A touch Spartan perhaps, as befits her age, but who wants ensuite staterooms when the compensation is an admiring wave from almost every discerning sailor who passes.



Taft and Rindlaub's useful *Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast* has this to say about the anchorage at the Barred Islands in Penobscot Bay, "You will be comfortable here in settled summer weather, but the anchorage can be rough and untenable with strong winds from the southwest, north, or northwest, especially at high tide when the bars are covered. If these conditions are expected, leave." I guess my first mistake was that, although the weather seemed settled on that day quite a few years ago, it was no longer summer but getting on into late November.

NOAA had predicted a week or so of bluebird weather, a kind of late season Indian Summer and, anxious to take advantage of this unexpected gift, I decided to squeeze in a short cruise before that inevitable last trip for hauling and winter storage. It was the work of a morning to throw together some foodstuffs and ferry them out to *Penelope*, my venerable Marshall 22 catboat. Then Truffle, my large and frequently boisterous Chesapeake Bay Retriever, and I were ready to go. We dropped our mooring and tacked out of Burnt Coat Harbor, Swan's Island bound west.

The breeze was brisk from the south as we cleared Hockamock Head and, with Gooseberry Island to starboard, I began to realize that the mild-seeming conditions back in the harbor had been illusory. It was blowing like stink and a reef was required without delay. This was early days for me with *Penelope* and the reefing system I had evolved left a great deal to be desired. It involved letting the boom off to about 50°, then getting up on the cabin top and working with lines that led fore and aft along the boom to the appropriate cringles at luff and leech. Single-handed and with the wind approaching 25 knots or better, it was altogether a much too exciting way to reduce sail. Truffle thought it was exciting, too, dancing along the deck and cabin top, snapping at stray lines and giving me an occasional affectionate nip. We got it done eventually and, easier now, proceeded to the westward.

Sailing among the islands of Merchants Row off Stonington on Deer Isle, we had to decide on whether to pick one of the many beautiful anchorages here or to push on across East Penobscot Bay and find shelter later, somewhere around Vinalhaven or Northaven. With a couple of hours of daylight left, we decided to push on. A certain chill in the air was a reminder that, although the day had been warm, the night would be colder and it would be wise to find a berth before dark.

The wind held on our way across East Penobscot Bay and soon enough we were off Bluff Head on Vinalhaven, a mile or so south of the Fox Island Thoroughfare. Here I had a choice of sailing west up the fjord-like gut to find a snug anchorage at Winter Harbor or going south around Hen Island into well sheltered Seal Bay. Both places rank high for natural beauty and solitude, my recipe for a good night afloat. There are (or were then) few habitations around either place, and while a few cruisers might find their way there in summer, on this November night it would be all mine.

We decided to go for Seal Bay and, with the breeze pretty much right on our nose, had an interesting time negotiating the narrow passage which leads into the bay between Penobscot and Little Hen Islands. Sunken rocks make out from the Penobscot side more than two-thirds of the way across this passage, which can make the going tricky beat-

Bad Night at the Barred Islands

A 22' Catboat Runs into Trouble on a November Cruise in Maine

By W.R. Cheney

ing. Double tricky if the current, which can run quite hard here, is against us. Fortunately, the Hen Island shore is very bold and we can sail almost within touching distance there. Rounding Little Hen and proceeding a short distance eastward, we anchored in about 10' (at low) in a slight chop, which would diminish with the dying evening breeze.

I rowed Truffle to a small island west of the anchorage where once there had been a summer cottage, marked now only by the charred, but still standing, chimney and fireplace. While Truffle attended to business, I was amused to note that a whiskey bottle I had placed on the mantle a couple of years before, souvenir of a memorable picnic, was still there.

Truffle and I returned to *Penelope* where we enjoyed a hearty dinner. The whirling wings of flights of sea ducks make a strange and wonderful music and Truffle and I were lulled to sleep by it, along with the haunting cries of Canada geese and the odd tootling of oldsquaw.

Morning dawned clear and, for the time of year, pleasantly warm. The wind was onshore, SW now, just right for progress up the Bay and, incidentally, for getting back out of the anchorage. Truffle and I had a leisurely breakfast, then went for a long row in the warm golden sun. As on the evening before, sea ducks were all around in great profusion. They begin to appear in late October, migrating south from their summer haunts in the arctic. By mid-November they have transformed the Maine coast, the sounds and the sight of them everywhere, big rafts of eiders, swift flights of oldsquaw, lively, playful, splashing flotillas of buffleheads. Truffle was not pleased by the fact that we were not hunting, but more and more I prefer to just watch and listen.

We hauled anchor at the leisurely hour of 11am and, taking advantage of a very pleasant SW breeze, ran and reached back out into East Penobscot Bay. We then proceeded north the short distance to the entrance of the Fox Island Thoroughfare. Named in 1603 by the English explorer Martin Pring for the large number of silver foxes he saw along its shores, the Thoroughfare is a narrow seven-mile long passage which separates Vinalhaven from its neighbor North Haven island and allows transit between East and West Penobscot bays.

The foxes are long gone, having made way for impressive gray-shingled "cottages" along the Vinalhaven shore and the town of North Haven on the north shore. In summer there is an endless procession of yachts heading east and west, but now it was pretty much deserted save for workboats and a few die-hard pleasure craft still resisting the imperatives of the season, or waiting to be hauled at the old-fashioned and thoroughly wonderful J.O. Brown boat yard.

Penelope alternately reached and beat her way through the Thoroughfare and, after rounding Fiddler Ledge at the western end, began broad reaching along the north shore

of North Haven. A possible destination for the day's sail had been snug Pulpit Harbor but we reached there with plenty of daylight left and a useful breeze that seemed reliable. Given our penchant for more remote and wilder locales, we decided to push on.

Northward we scudded in a perfect full-sail breeze. Late afternoon found us in the vicinity of Butter Island and, with dusk approaching, we nipped into the Barred Island anchorage which is formed by a group of small islands including Big Barred to the east, Little Barred to the west, and Escargot and Bartender to the north. To the south there is a gravel bar that connects Big and Little Barred and, although this bar just barely shows at low water, its presence is what protects the anchorage from the SW.

Readers of *The Riddle of The Sands* will remember what comfort Davies and Caruthers took from the presence of submerged bars between themselves on the *Dulcibella* and the open sea. Indeed it was with this bit of nautical arcana in mind that I anchored close up under the bar. The tide had begun to ebb so I knew that as the night progressed, the bar would be ever closer to the surface, thus presumably increasing its protection. In any case NOAA was promising nothing more than a modest SW breeze.

Interestingly, this bar is not shown on NOAA Chart #13305, which covers the area. It is one of the very few instances I can think of where we could get into trouble by following the chart. Normally what errors we find go the other way. The chart of Burnt Coat Harbor, for example, shows 2' at low water for the spot where I moor *Penelope*. The true depth is more like 18'.

This evening was considerably milder than the preceding one so Truffle and I were happy and comfortable as we ate our dinners in the cockpit and mellower still after I consumed the better part of a bottle of Cotes du Rhone. Lying in my bunk listening to the gentle lapping of wavelets against the hull along with the conversation of a pair of loons, the only other occupants of the anchorage, and enjoying the well-earned languor brought on by an eventful day on the water was an almost perfect kind of bliss. I drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

WHAM! A brutal crashing noise, a lurch, and *Penelope* was canted over to port and suddenly inert, no longer cradled by the sea. I became aware of a howling rushing, roaring tumult of sound. Groggily I felt for the companionway hatch, slid it back and flinched at the sudden lashing of the icy, rain-filled wind. Looking forward, I could barely make out the bowsprit in the horizontal driving rain. Looking aft I could see ugly half submerged rocks close astern. Grabbing a flashlight I pointed it straight down at the water, seeing rocky bottom a foot or two below the surface. Nothing was visible more than 10' from the boat. I had no idea where we were. It was likely we were aground somewhere in the anchorage, but since I didn't wake up until we struck, nothing was certain. We could be anywhere.

"Slow down and try to think it out," I told myself. I became aware of a barely discernible shape to the eastward of my position, possibly just a bigger rock than the ones behind me, or possibly part of something bigger still, an island. Since I had obviously drifted to the north or northeast in this now gale-force southwester, the fact that I had this shape to the east led me to believe that it might be part of Big Barred Island which forms the eastern side of the anchorage.

It was now about an hour before dead low tide and clearly I would have to take some action if I didn't want to get pushed further up on the rocks when the tide (+/-10' in these parts) started to come in. It looked as though it would be possible, if just barely, to row an anchor out. With an anchor out to windward, we could hope that *Penelope* would float free and hold her position as the tide rose. Fortunately, although we were aground, we were not pounding.

Hauling the dinghy up even with the cockpit, I lowered our second anchor into it just aft of the central thwart and coiled 150' of rode down on top of it. Attaching the bitter end to the main cleat up forward on *Penelope*, I then entered into very dubious battle, attempting to row the anchor out against wind and sea. In this we finally succeeded, though only just. Frequently the stronger gusts of wind would drive us back and forward progress was only by fits and starts. Enough water was coming over the rail of the dinghy so that my legs were submerged to well over my ankles and there was a real possibility we would be swamped entirely. I was thankful our dinghy was of seaworthy model, our oars the right size, and our oarlocks deep bronze ones, not the cheap pot metal or plastic types we see everywhere today which are undersized, fit their sockets poorly, and invite the oars to jump out as soon as we put any real pressure on them.

As I worked, it seemed that the wind was moderating somewhat, but as the shrieking and howling of the wind lessened, fog entered the mix with the stinging rain. The visibility, which had already been close to zero, became even worse. In laying out the kedge, I favored the west instead of going directly to windward as I figured deeper water must lay in that direction, the shore of Big Barred being so close, as I thought, to the east. What little I had been able to see of my surroundings was now totally invisible.

With the kedge laid out, there was nothing left to do but wait for the tide to turn and then play it by ear. I had to hope that when we floated free the second anchor would hold where the first one had failed. This was by no means guaranteed because the second anchor, like the first, was a CQR and we were now clearly over rocky bottom, not what the CQR was designed for. I thought of trying to row out and reset the first anchor, but with conditions as dangerous as they were it seemed wiser to quit while I was ahead.

Soaked and shivering I huddled in the cabin with Truffle and drank hot coffee until, after a time which seemed a bit longer than forever, *Penelope* began to stir on the rising tide. With blessedly little pounding she floated off and rode to the kedge. The wind speed seemed to be picking up again, and I faced new decisions. Our situation had improved materially but it was still not exactly enviable. A troubling question was whether or not the kedge would continue to hold, particularly as the tide rose and the scope consequently became less. I wanted to get out of there.

Penelope still had a motor in those days and, although I hadn't run it in a month, this seemed like a good time to try it out. The trusty Universal Diesel, as it always did, started almost immediately. Motors on my boats have always been maligned, mistreated, and mistrusted creatures, but this one, for a few brief moments, came to know the fullness of my love. Leaving the trusty iron wind

to warm up, I went forward, buoyed anchor number one, and cast it off. Then proceeding at dead slow, I was able to run up on the kedge, retrieve it, and we were free!

Open water, the middle of the anchorage, had to be to the west, so I ran that way with a soaring heart. WHAM! A terrific shock as we ran head on into another rock. I was thrown forward against the binnacle and *Penelope* glanced off on a crazy tangent. I dove for the engine controls and cut the engine. Truffle, meanwhile, let loose with a tremendous roaring bark from the depths of the cabin. I'm not sure what she was trying to express, but it certainly wasn't approval. Running forward, I had the anchor over in a hurry and once again we were riding to the howling wind, blind in the rain and fog. The sound of crashing surf seemed to come from every direction. Fortunately the tide was still rising and would continue so until sometime around first light. How the rest of the night passed, I really don't remember. Any further attempt to move the boat was out of the question, as was sleep. It was an anxious time, although Truffle didn't seem to mind things as much as I did.

With dawn the rain stopped and the wind died and the fog dissipated to some extent. Shapes emerged and the story of our adventure became clearer. A shape to the north of us revealed itself to be a rock with a radar beacon on it meaning that we had gone up on the west side of the anchorage, not the east as I had supposed. Thus heading west when we first floated off was a serious mistake for which we could have paid much more dearly than we did.

With the onset of visibility and a new turning of the tide it was time to move on to a more congenial location. After having rowed back and retrieved anchor #1, which I had buoyed when I left it, we motored over and picked up the lone mooring in the anchorage. It was never my habit to pick up unknown moorings, believing, as Eric Hiscock taught, that it is better to anchor and thus know what you have down there rather than put your faith in unknown gear that may be of any size and condition. I still believe this makes sense, but on that morning, and indeed for some years thereafter, my belief in anchors and anchoring was severely shaken.

A little cleaning up, an inspection of *Penelope* by dinghy, which indicated that only minor cosmetic damage had been done, and a trip ashore for Truffle were followed by a truly monumental breakfast. I then took to my bunk where I slept all day and most of the following night.

The rest of the cruise, two days in which we sailed north up the bay, transited Eggemoggin Reach and the Casco Passage to arrive at Mackerel Cove and pick up my secondary mooring on the north side of Swan's Island, was mostly uneventful, though we did sail right by a much larger boat in the Reach, an occurrence which always warms the cockles of my heart. Now, waiting for the truck which would haul *Penelope* on the ramp next to the ferry slip, the sailing season for that year was over.

Lessons Learned

A few lessons can be gleaned from the above adventure. Firstly, late autumn is the best of times and the worst of times for cruising the coast of Maine. It is incredibly beautiful then and the vast presence of migratory waterfowl and shore birds is a wonderful

plus. Anchorages which are crowded in summer are mostly empty and if we wish to get away from the maddening crowd, this is the time. On the other hand, the weather can be treacherous and sometimes extreme.

Although we did not come to grief through the lack of an anchor designed to hold on a rock bottom, we sure could have. Clearly a cruising boat should have anchors suitable for every kind of bottom she may encounter. A cruising boat can hardly carry too many anchors. The extra weight should not be a concern, as properly placed anchors can double as ballast. Missing from our equipment in this case was a large fisherman or yachtsman type anchor, the best kind for rocky bottom and good all-round backup. It would have been wise also to have had a second anchor out right from the start. This is always good practice in situations where conditions can change suddenly.

Finally, great attention should be paid to the matter of scope. I have to admit that at the time of the above events I had become a little cavalier in the matter of anchoring, relying on seeing the rode take "that certain angle" which seemed appropriate to conditions rather than any exact measurement of depth of water and length of rode. A scope of 7:1 is recommended for most of the anchors we use today and that should be adhered to as a minimum when possible and exceeded when conditions seem uncertain. Sentinels, which are weights suspended a way down the rode, add significantly to the holding power of an anchor at any given scope and should be part of every boat's equipment.

When I anchored "close up under the bar" I failed to take into account the fact that the bottom was falling away sharply under the boat with a greater depth astern and a lesser one forward. Since the holding power of an anchor depends on the angle the rode takes in relation to the bottom, it should be clear that if the bottom is falling away in this manner, this angle will be greater than it would be if the bottom were flat. Consequently, more scope is necessary to achieve equal holding power. I think it is possible that the fact that *Penelope* was pulling her anchor downhill in this fashion, and without increased scope, may have contributed to her breaking loose and dragging into danger.

One last thought: It's about what I call the "DO SOMETHING!" syndrome. It's a tendency to rush into hasty and ill-considered action in an emergency, a fault all too many of us are prone to. I was understandably anxious to get away from the rocks when *Penelope* first floated free, but in retrospect, with a rising tide and morning on the way, I would have been much better off staying put until I could see rather than motoring off into the unknown. A better course of action would have been to just let the third anchor down over the side. Then, if we started dragging again, I could let out scope and hope that it would catch. With all three anchors out, chances would be good that at least one of them would grab on something before we went too far.



A long ago friend Bart and I paddled Salt Creek in flood stage 53 years ago in my battered Grumman 17' canoe. The fast paddle took us 15 miles from put-in to take-out on the DesPlaines River outside Chicago

In 2009 I launched my son Mike in our new built *Autumn Moon* 13' wooden CLC design kayak in the same creek to duplicate a part of the original trip. He was to try and do just the 12-mile section starting below the 6' Fullersburg Graue Mill Dam. Bart and I went over that dam 53 years ago.

Unfortunately, Mike ran into several log jams that required solo portaging over steep, muddy, slippery banks. After eight miles of tricky S-turns in the narrow creek and dodging the usual strainers, he cell phoned me for a pickup at the last log jammed bridge, ending the trip early. When I arrived at the log jammed bridge, I began to realize the hopelessness of continuing without knowledge of other possible downstream obstacles. Now to extract the 33lb kayak up the steep 10' banks of the creek required much effort. After Mike pulled himself onto a handy tree and up to level ground, we hauled the *Autumn Moon* up the near vertical bank by its bow rope. The wooden bow eye held thanks to good design and epoxy!

In 2010 we tried again on Labor Day weekend. Mike scouted most of the bridges for logjams two days before and saw none. We didn't want to repeat last year. He suggested we share the paddle but with only the Take-A-Part kayak and using only one vehicle for put-in and take-out. He released me solo into the current a mile below the Graue Mill Dam. That was fine with me as I had no intention of running that dam again. You can only be lucky once! Mike followed my progress by checking certain bridges and using our cell phones. Fifty-three years ago Bart and I had no cell phones. Only Dick Tracy had a wristwatch radio!

This year the creek was only 1'-2' above normal with a nice 3-6mph current. I was instantly impelled into the dense woods and kept busy carefully steering around the multiple obstacles that kept cropping up with each turn of the twisting, 20' wide creek. I quickly found the kayak was slow to turn and required some back paddling to miss rocks and stumps. I had designed the Take-A-Part with little rocker in the hull. Now I was wishing for some! My little 10' kayak would have been better at turns as I had designed lots of rocker into it!

Fifty-three years ago when Bart and I paddled through this section, we didn't have as many turns to make as the water level was 8'-10' feet higher. We paddled through flooded woods and were busy dodging standing living trees constantly searching for the main creek channel that would lead us to the next bridge.

But this year conditions were different. It was exhilarating to be guiding my own cre-

A Salt Creek Paddle 53 Years Later

By Bob McAuley

ation and being completely responsible for dealing with whatever I might encounter. The constant turns amid the swirling waters made for a challenge to dodge the strainers, boulders, and stumps. I was kept busy assessing the next obstacle I was closing in on. On one occasion I failed to miss a strainer and ran into a mess of overhanging vines that took my hat off. The hat lanyard held it to my neck so that I didn't lose the hat. Later I thought about what if that hat had become hooked into the strainer, would that have dumped me?

I did finally get around a narrow turn into some faster moving and swirling water in which appeared several rocks and stumps. I aimed to just squeeze between two rocks but the swirls shoved me into the bigger rock and luckily glanced off of it with a resounding thud! A later inspection of the hull revealed it would require a fiberglass repair at that spot. Later on, before my paddle was over, I bounced over three little 1' high rocky dams that stretched across the creek at two-mile intervals.

At one of the deep woods logjams that forced Mike to portage last year, I was able to pass under the main cross log by lowering my head. Maybe the water level was too high when Mike tried to navigate through last year. Another logjam I approached in the woods allowed me just a 4' wide passage to get through. In one calm stretch in the deep woods, I was treated to being downwind from a sweet smelling hickory grove.

After rounding another bend in the creek, I spotted what appeared to be a green factory made canoe 60' back in the woods tilted at an odd angle. I later speculated that it could have arrived there during that last big flood navigated by some lost bewildered paddlers. It happens. High water two weeks earlier log jammed on one of the pedestrian bridge flagstone abutments back upstream at Fullersburg causing it to fail. The bridge, built in 1936 by the CCC, is now closed until the engineers figure out a way to repair it or replace it.

My trip's final close call came when two old abandoned bridge abutments came into view around a sharp turn. The superstructure was long gone and just stone 10' high sentinels stood guarding the creek! The water cascaded around them forming tricky swirls with much roaring and spraying all over. The creek was maybe 40' wide but shallow with the usual stranded logs and boulders to miss. I had to paddle extra hard to get to an opening I spotted at the last second. Slicing between two stumps, I bore hard right just missing one of the stone sentinels. I flashed by so fast as

to startle the two fishermen sitting there. I nonchalantly waved as though I did this sort of paddling everyday.

I couldn't have asked for a better day. Temperature was 70°, sunny, and the wind was at my back in the few open spaces. For most of the paddle my seat was dry and the Nature Valley bar tasted just swell. As I neared the end of the six-mile section I decided to visit Addison Creek which flows into the Salt just ahead by the 17th Avenue bridge. It was on an Addison Creek banking that Bart and I had stopped for lunch 53 years earlier. Today it was overgrown with no good landing spots and did it stink! The water looked and smelled like 10W30 motor oil. It had an olive drab color and where it flowed into Salt Creek there was a visible line separating both currents. The Salt was chocolate light brown and the Addison the awful green color. It sure looked polluted on the green side of that line!

Exhausted, I paddled under the 17th Avenue bridge, the halfway point, and beached the kayak. There I was met by Mike, who gathered dead branches and laid them on the muddy bank for us to walk on. It had taken me about two hours to cover those exhilarating miles. The S-turns and rocks were fun to paddle around. I want to do it again in my little 10' kayak.

This time paddling solo in my own kayak I didn't tip over as we did 53 years ago. To this day, I think Bart tipped us on purpose! Today, had the water been 1' lower, much dragging and/or lining over the rocky shallows would have been necessary. My only regret was the sight of the trash-filled strainers and log jams found on every turn of the stream. There's plenty of work for an army of volunteers to clean up this modern mess of plastic bottles and more.

Mike now took over and headed downstream to do his half of the journey. We kept in touch via cell phone and I headed for the nearest McDonalds to humor my Mac Attack and get ready to meet him within the next hour. He surprised me as I sat on the bank at the junction of Salt Creek and the DesPlaines River, by paddling out of the creek in only 1½ hours. Younger blood paddles faster? Thankfully he ran into no slowdown logjams this trip. After he landed, he surprised me with some cold watermelon he had bought while waiting for me at the 17th Avenue bridge. While sitting there eating the watermelon, I wondered how many American Indians had fished from this very spot some 300 years ago.

Judging from the empty plastic bait cups left behind by some careless polluter and the cold campfire coals, modern men still fish from here. I do wish they would respect Mother Nature. Even after 100 years of being trapped and shot out, the beaver and deer have returned to inhabit this creek and river. Some people are heading the call to conservation.

Mike off on his first attempt at paddling the swollen Salt Creek in 2009.



Second try for Mike on Labor Day 2010, paddling my take-apart kayak on the second leg of our successful journey.



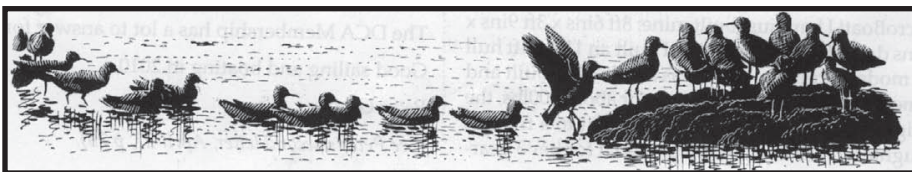
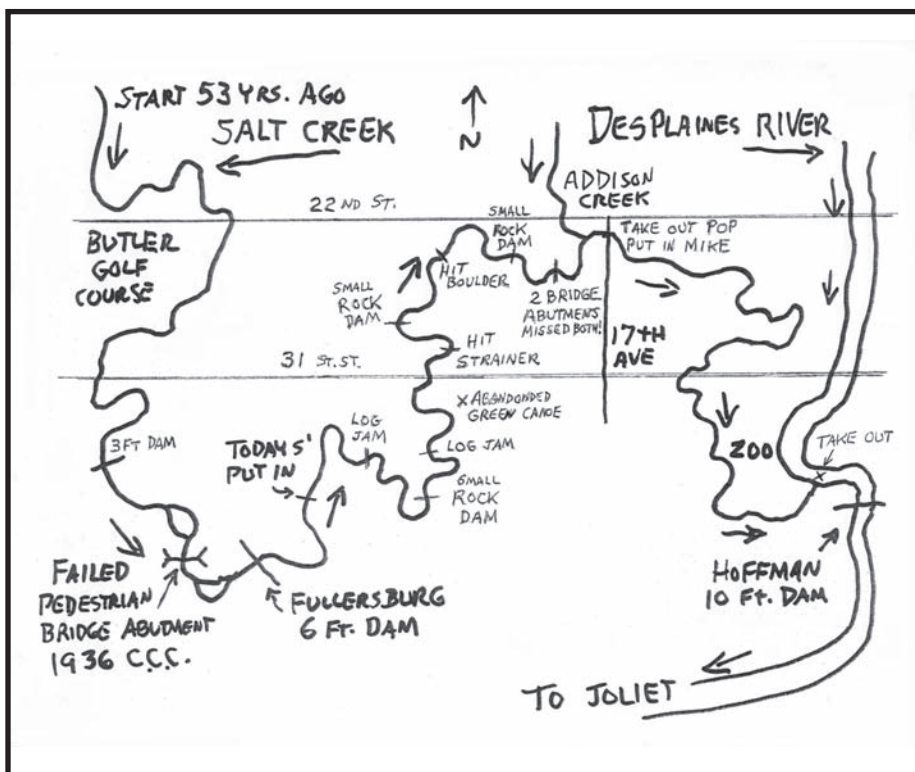


Shallow water and tricky currents around these old bridge abutments guard access to the creek.



Another tight spot to squeeze past.

The 1936 CCC bridge partly collapsed in July 2010 after high water.



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Ladies' Canoe Voyage

An Extract from *The Graphic*
June 1884

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, Winter 2010
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak Association

Last October three adventurous young ladies from Guildford resolved to explore the Warwickshire Avon on board a Canadian canoe called *Wenona*. They had a delightful four days' trip, visiting various places en route such as Warwick Castle, Charlecote Park, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Evesham, staying the nights at adjacent hostleries, and eventually quitting the water and their vessel at Tewkesbury.

One of the party wrote an interesting record of the trip, accompanied by sketches. Some of the sketches we have reproduced and are sorry that lack of space prevents us from giving much of the diary. It is worth reading, if only to show what three "unprotected females" could accomplish when gifted with pluck, patience, and perseverance.

"We embarked," says the fair diarist, "at a farmhouse close by the churchyard at Stoneleigh, at a little landing stage on the river. The contents of the canoe were our three selves with our paddles, a punting pole, a tow rope, a waterproof sheet, a pair of wheels, sundry wraps and umbrellas, and last, but by no means least, a luncheon basket."

For a while they got on prosperously, but some time afterwards they found themselves flying down a rapid stream with a whirling, rushing, seething mass of water in front of them, a bridge beyond, and any possible number of terrible dangers ahead. Prudent counsels prevailed. The crew landed and, with the help of the tow line which was tied to both ends of the canoe, they maneuvered her round the awkward corner.

The morning upon which they left Warwick broke unpromisingly and soon after the rain came down steadily and heavily. By general consent, accordingly, they held on under a willow tree, put up their umbrellas, and studied the distances which they had carefully copied from the guide book.

Another sketch shows the party (aided by a member of the other sex) putting the *Wenona* into the water under the weir. Here the stream was very rapid and a sharp lookout had to be kept for shallows, submerged trees, and stumps.

"After passing Welford Church," says the diary, "we came to Melford Mill, with some cottages on the right bank and a narrow canal past them to the old lock. There was a rushing stream and an open lock in front of us. Shall we shoot it? We decided to do so, and dashed through."

After leaving Bidford, where there is a curious church with perpendicular windows and a squat tower, we passed under a high wooded bank on the left and in half an hour came to Cleave Mill and Lock, where we stopped for luncheon. A lovely place, an old grey mill with silvery willows on one side

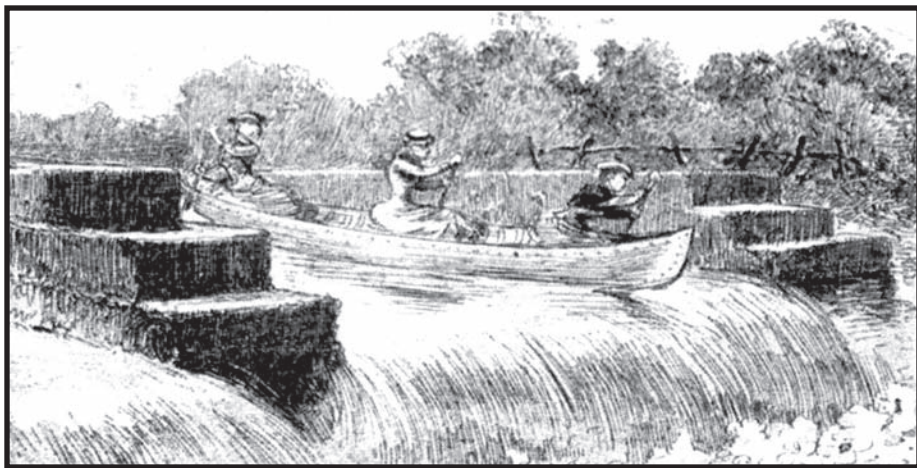
Left from the top: Launching the *Wenona*; taking shelter; an awkward corner; the start from Warwick.



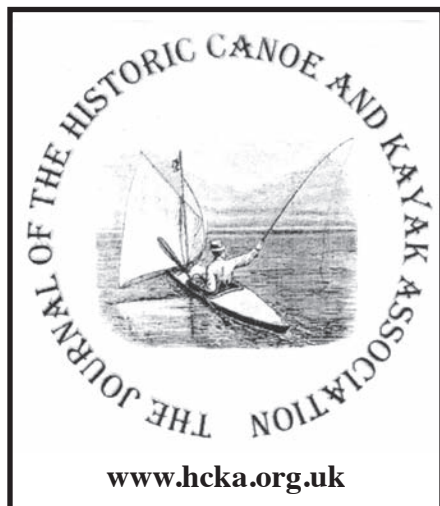
and on the other two tall poplars and a plane tree. Between us and it a deep, tumbling foaming weir.

Beyond Harvington Lock we were going at a good pace with a strong stream, when we suddenly saw a chain stretched across the river. C called out to S who was in front, "Catch it and hold on!" but before the words were out of her mouth S had thrown herself flat on her back, screaming, "Lie down, I can't hold it!" E caught it and lifted it over her head and C slid under it somehow, so that we found ourselves on the other side with our heads, much to our astonishment still on."

One more extract. They had just reached Tewkesbury, and saw a friend, Mr B, waving to them from the boathouse. "We knew that the end of our voyage had come. We landed with mingled feelings of satisfaction at having accomplished our aims and sorrow that our four jolly days were over."



Right from the top: A broken lock; "lie down, I can't stop her;" luncheon at Cleave Mill; reaction.





The Newport International Boat Show turned out to be our best show of the year and, for that matter, the decade. We secured three orders for new catboats and sold two brokerage boats. We thank Bernie Gustin for taking time to exhibit his own 14' Cat *Sweet*, which had been recently restored to like-new condition, and thanks to Jason Woodbridge for allowing us to exhibit his 16' Open Lynx, *Lil Paws*.

Thanks to Leslie's great work, the 101-year-old Crosby Catboat *Conjurer*, has a new stern-post and transom. Construction of a new center-board trunk and cockpit are underway.

We are thankful to have a full schedule of winter work. Orders include five 14'

Cats, one in wood, a 12' Kitten, and three 16' Lynx, two of which are open. One of the open Lynxes will have an electric motor and will be delivered to Palm Beach to serve as a sailing tender to a larger yacht.

Dan Gould, who has been with us since we bought the yard, resigned from full time boat building in September. We thank Danny for all the years of building beautiful boats and we will certainly miss his great talents, but we are happy to report that he has agreed to stay on, at least for the short term, to build Lynxes on a contract basis.

The newest member of our crew is Bill McLoughlin, who spent six years working on tall ships, including the *Spirit of Massachusetts*

(something that he, Danny, and Tony have in common), and most recently has been building and repairing boats in Rhode Island.

Thanks to Conrad Geyser and his crew at Cotuit Solar for helping us to bring solar power to the boatyard.

Arey's Pond tide and temperature monitoring is now available on line at www.iobridgepro.com/apps/tide. At this site, automated high and low tide alerts can be accessed by email. Thanks again to our mooring customer, Christopher Oliver, for the idea and for making it happen. We also again thank the Friends of Arey's Pond (FOAP) for their generous support of this project. If you enjoy this new service, please consider a donation to FOAP, PO Box 1045, South Orleans, MA 02662-1045, and let them know that you appreciate the resource.

We would like to announce that the 2011 Car Gathering will take place on August 13.

Arey's Pond Boatyard, Inc, 45 Arey's Ln, South Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 255-0994, catboat@cape.com, www.areyspondboatyard.com



Solar power comes to Arey's Pond Boatyard.

Aber departing in November for winter stay in Stuart, Florida.



20 – *Messing About in Boats*, December 2010



The 20' catboat *Stray*.

Lil Paws and *Sweet* at the Newport International Boat Show.



2011 Cedar Key Small Boat Meet

By Hugh Horton
(Cedar Key, Florida)

The 27th Cedar Key Small Boat Meet will be Saturday and Sunday, May 7 and 8, the first full weekend in May. It is completely informal. Tides and weather are still the only organization. There are no planned events, sign-ups, or fees.

Cedar Key, Florida, is on the Gulf of Mexico, a hundred miles north of Tampa and a dozen miles south of the mouth of the Suwannee River. It's an isolated cape of off-shore islands separated from the mainland by miles of oyster flats and salt marsh. The great logs of the cedar forests went to pencil makers before and after the Civil War. During the War it was an active Confederate port and railhead. Now its sea and shallows attract fishermen and naturalists, artists, and writers. There are no traffic lights, fast food, or golf courses.

All shallow draft boats are welcome; canoes, kayaks, catboats, catamarans, tri-

marans, rowboats, sailing dinghies, scows, sharpies, sampans, punts, pirogues, prams, pirates' yawlboats.

Over the last 26 years weather has usually been mostly sunny, mid to upper 80s in the day, water temperature upper 70s. If it blows, even at lower tides, it's splendid for rowers and paddlers. For sailing canoes Cedar Key is sublime.

Wildlife observers note the food chain at Cedar Key is complete in the water and ashore. The nutrients flowing out with the clean Suwannee mix with oxygenated water riffing through the cape's islands and channels. Birds, bugs, fish, shellfish, turtles, alligators, marine mammals, all thrive.

For information call the Cedar Key Chamber of Commerce, (352) 543-5600; Dave Lucas, (941) 704-6736, skipjack@tampabay.rr.com; or me, (586) 215-7060, huhorton@gmail.com.



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The International Scene

In 2009, there were 74,951 merchant ships, totaling 853,276,000 gross tons. One in three shipowners feels the worst is over. In fact, some container lines look forward to being quite profitable soon.

Look for Ghana to become the next major oil producer. Its Jubilee Field, which went into production on December 1, holds an estimated 450 million barrels and it is only one of a series of crude bearing formations.

The use of LNG as a fuel for ships is gaining momentum, partly because of its lower polluting emissions and partly because there seems to be plenty of LNG available at relatively low prices. About 20 ships, mostly ferries in Norway, are currently fueled by LNG, but some experts expect that nearly half of all new ships will use LNG by 2020 and it will fuel the entire world fleet by 2050.

A design team of 30, all under 34 years old to eliminate traditional prejudices, have come up with a concept they call Trilateral, the world's first gas powered (ie, LNG), ballast free VLCC. If such a tanker is ever built, the team predicts that the daily fuel costs (\$32,260) would be lower than for an equivalent vessel using current marine fuels (\$37,000). That should save the owners a minimum of \$24 million over the 20 year life of the tanker.

Some shipowners believe they can prove that the reduced fuel consumption from slow steaming saves money, but one owner believes any savings are eaten up by the need to build intermediate distribution and storage facilities at way points to compensate for the increased transit time of cargo.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank and/or capsized: Off the Peruvian port city of Callao, the Chinese fishing vessel *Fuyuan 3* capsized and four of the crew of 19 fishermen went missing, presumably trapped inside the overturned vessel.

Off Vietnam, the 34-year-old handysize bulk carrier *Jianmao 9* sank for reasons not given. It usually carries sand. Also off Vietnam, the steel carrying *Jian Mao 9* sank and its crew of 26 were rescued by the Panamanian flagged container ship *Nyk Aquarius*. They were then turned over to provincial border guards and later turned over to officials at the Chinese consulate in Ho Chi Minh City.

The big tug *Fairplay 22* inexplicably capsized in outer Rotterdam Harbor in clear weather and 25mph winds with gusts to 60mph and the master and chief engineer both died. Quick work by other tugs stabilized the capsized vessel and it was taken into calmer waters where the sheerlegs crane *Taklift 7* carefully rolled the tug upright. The company announced that the name *Fairplay 22* will never be used again in the Fairplay fleet.

Ships ran aground: In strong winds, the 3,000-ton cement carrying *Arklow Raider* ran aground while leaving Drogheda, County Louth (that's in Ireland).

In Norway, while traveling from Oslo to Fredrikstad with cargo, the 4450-dwt ro/ro *Cometa* went aground on a small spit of land called the Fugletangskjaer, which is somewhere near Kirkeoy.

Ships collided: In the Black Sea, the general cargo vessel *Karaiml (Karim I?)* sank after colliding with the empty chemical tanker *Alessandro DP* about 20km south of Emine Cape and five crewmen went missing. Near Hong Kong eight of 14 mariners on the sand barge *Runze001* died after it collided with the small (164') container ship *Huijinqiao 08*.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Fires and explosions took a toll: At Montevideo, the South Korean squid fishing vessel *Seo Gin 11* caught fire and one of the crew of 23 was found dead in the engine room. It was the fifth ship fire in the port this year and authorities are concerned.

Unusual things happened: At Bremerhaven, vehicles were being routinely unloaded from the car carrier *Don Pasquale* when someone noticed that the vessel's stern was about 15m from the pier and the stern ramp was about to plunge into the water. Strong winds had broken mooring lines. A tug pushed the ship back into position.

North of Adak in the Aleutian chain of islands, the 738' bulk carrier *Golden Seas* reported supercharger failure and its engine was capable only of marginal power output. The 18,300hp offshore anchor handling tug *Tor Viking II* was working in the general area for Shell Oil and pushed through high seas to take the big vessel in tow for the 500+ miles to Dutch Harbor where repairs could be made. During the tow the two vessels threaded the Aleutian Islands to get to their south side and somewhat calmer waters. (The average speed during the tow was about 8kts, a tribute to the tug and its four engines.)

At Kolkata (formerly known as Calcutta), Malaysian logs were being unloaded from the *Kyaukpyu* using equipment (the crane's boom or a sling, it is not clear) rated at a 14-tonne capacity when a 30-tonne load was tackled. Something snapped and the logs fell into the ship with an almighty crash. The vessel was somewhat damaged but luckily that was not true for bystanders or stevedores, who escaped unharmed.

Humans got hurt: In the case of the master of the Moldova flagged *Carina I*, he died at sea near the port of Kalymnos while en route to Syria, and officials want to know why he died. (He was 60 years old.)

Gray Fleets

The US Navy set a world's record of sorts when an experimental electric rail gun sent a 20lb projectile rocketing through the air at seven times the speed of sound. The trailer sized weapon generated 33 megajoules of force out of the barrel, a world record for muzzle energy (one megajoule is roughly equal to the energy generated by a one-ton vehicle moving at 100mph).

And the Navy's Electro-Magnetic Aircraft Launch System, which will be used on newer carriers, should shoot an actual F/A-18E Super Hornet into flight in mid-December. The test was eagerly awaited although the EMALS has already made 722 dead-load launches at speeds up to 180kts.

The US Navy informed all hands that from now on the Persian Gulf is to be called the Arabian Gulf. This mightily irked the Iranians, who think of themselves as Persians and the Gulf as theirs. The Navy's Facebook page (yes, even the Navy has a Facebook page) was quickly awash in thousand of pro-Iranian messages that denied service members around the world of opportunities for posting their own messages.

You have to watch advertising agencies like a hawk. The Indian Navy had a nice public relations campaign going until someone noted that some special advertising supplements showed India's Jaguars and Sea Harriers flying over what was supposed to be the Indian aircraft carrier *INS Viraat*. Unfortunately, someone had substituted an American carrier, complete with non-Indian aircraft on its deck!

And another triumph of Indian advertising showed a miniscule *Viraat* streaming between two gigantic American carriers. (The *Viraat* displaces a mere 24,000 tonnes and carries most of India's remaining dozen of Sea Harriers plus several elderly Sea King helicopters, while an American carrier displaces between 80,000 and 100,000 tons and carries several dozen aircraft.)

The White Paper "Securing Britain in an Age of Uncertainty: The Strategic Defence and Security Review" issued earlier this year announced a number of cuts to the Royal Navy's surface fleet, including scrapping the four Type 22 frigates, *HMS Ark Royal*, a Bay class RFA ship, and either the light aircraft carriers *HMS Illustrious* or *HMS Ocean*. Now it has been decided that *HMS Ark Royal* will be withdrawn from service at the end of this year, *HMS Illustrious* will be withdrawn from service in 2014, and *HMS Ocean* will be retained to provide a Landing Platform Helicopter capability for the longer term. Hopefully, it will be supplemented by at least one of the two large aircraft carriers under construction. The Bay class amphibious support ship *RFA Largs Bay* will be withdrawn from service next April along with the Auxiliary Oiler *RFA Bayleaf* and the Auxiliary Oiler Replenishment *RFA Fort George*. The head of the UK's armed forces admitted that scrapping the Sea Harriers and aircraft carriers was a risk to national security but that "can be managed."

The Royal Navy is hoping to sell the 1977 vintage light aircraft carrier *HMS Invincible* for as much as £2 million but don't expect to operate it if you purchase it. It's been pretty well stripped (the engines have been removed and the generators and pumps are "generally unusable") but if you do buy it, rest assured that it is towable.

The Canadian Senate enthusiastically passed a motion urging the federal government to change the name of Canada's naval force from Maritime Command to something with the word "navy." The naval force already refers to itself as "Canadian Navy" but some senators and MPs want a return to its pre-1968 name of "Royal Canadian Navy." "I myself would quite prefer to have it called Royal Navy," said one member of Parliament. "We have the RCMP, Royal Canadian Legion, why not Royal Canadian Navy?"

White Fleets

The 100 passenger, 290' *Clelia II* is perhaps the most elegant cruise ship that sails in Antarctic waters, but it is accumulating a reputation for giving its passengers perhaps more than they bargained for. In 2009, most of the season was cancelled after stronger than expected currents pushed the vessel onto rocks and damaged one of its propellers. This year, in the Drake Passage, the five-story vessel was hit by a 30' wave that broke a window on the bridge, damaged electrical circuitry, and minor injured one crewman. Both engines suffered damage but kept running and the ship crept back at 5kts to Ushuaia for repairs and cancellation of its next voyage.

The similarly sized expedition ship *National Geographic Explorer* accompanied the vessel on its slow voyage to Ushuaia and several passengers took dramatic video footage that can be found on the Internet of the ship laboring in massive seas.

An explosion on the *Queen Mary 2* while approaching Barcelona last November was more serious than first thought. One of 12 capacitors in a harmonic filter exploded, doing severe damage to neighboring equipment and buckling frames and the door to the compartment. Another capacitor was bulging badly and may have been about to explode. Any fire was quickly extinguished by activation of two hi-fog fire outlets. The ship was blacked out for 29 minutes but was underway again in less than an hour. A harmonic filter attenuates harmonic currents in AC current that may damage equipment.

The elderly (1981) Indian cruise ship *Ocean Life*, on its first voyage for new owners, was between Goa and Mumbai with 250 passengers when the master radioed that the ship had developed a 5° list and water was entering through a crack in the hull. Three tugs arrived and the *Ocean Life* was towed to a shipyard. Strangely, workers there could not find any crack.

At sea en route to Florida, an intoxicated male passenger on the *Ryndam* thought it would be helpful or funny or something if he dropped the stern anchors “just like he did on yachts.” No damage was done.

Cruises can be safe but watch out for those shore tours! Four passengers from the *Norwegian Sun* were injured when brakes failed on the taxi van bringing them back from a Bahamian casino. They later explained they hadn’t used the seat belts because the ship was nearby. Without travel insurance and a medical plan with no coverage outside the US, one badly injured woman’s family was forced to dig up \$9,000 for the local hospital’s care and \$21,000 for an air ambulance to take her home to Massachusetts for further treatment.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Sydney Harbour, a wooden party boat crashed into Pyrmont Wharf, injuring nine people, some seriously. A passenger with multiple broken bones and head injuries was standing on the top deck and fell over the rail when the boat hit. The boat’s skipper blamed equipment failure but reluctantly admitted that there had been some “aggro” (aggravation or aggression) as the vessel hit the sea wall and four other vessels. It turns out he was being violently assaulted by some passengers as he tried to fix the faulty equipment and make the landing; authorities decided that under the circumstances “the skipper did a good job.”

Passenger ro/ro’s had a bad month. While en route from Oslo to Copenhagen, the *Pearl of Scandinavia* had a fire on board. The 490 passengers were mustered but there was no need to evacuate the vessel. However, cleanup of fire damage took longer than estimated and voyages were cancelled for the next several days. The fire started in a defective lead to a battery charger in a Nissan Qashquai (a British-built compact SUV) that had been converted into an “electro-car.” The car’s owner had been charging the battery using a regular extension cord but he admitted maybe it hadn’t fit the special recharge socket tightly. Three vehicles and a truck were destroyed.

Last month, the company’s *Lisco Gloria* caught fire somewhere between Germany and Lithuania. The fire, which totally

engulfed the vessel and forced evacuation of the 236 persons on board, started with an explosion in a trailer on the cargo deck.

Fire broke out in the engine room of the *Stena Pioneer* while it was 12 miles off the UK’s Lancashire coast. Twelve passengers, mostly lorry drivers, remained calm and the ship’s crew extinguished the fire without outside help.

While being extensively upgraded at a shipyard in Gdansk, the *Britannica* (ex-*Stena Britannica*) caught fire and suffered undetermined damage.

At Aberdeen, the Shetland and Orkney ferry *Hrossey* was docking when it was hit by the oil field supply boat *Maersk Finder*. As a result of the damage to the ferry, bread, fruit, vegetables, and the like became in short supply in Shetland shops.

While en route to Ancona from Corinth, the *Colossus* went aground on rocks in Vasiliki Bay, the impact cracking a ballast tank. The tug *Hector* went to the rescue but no results were reported.

In Prince William Sound in Alaska, worsening weather got a kayaker into trouble, but the fast ferry *Chenega* was not too far away and launched its fast rescue boat with good results as far as the kayaker was concerned.

But at Mukittoo, matters were less-straightforward. A man called a crisis hot line to announce he was suicidal and was going to jump off the ferry. Police and a Coast Guard helicopter were unable to locate him but a motorist called in about two hours later to say he had seen a young man in his underwear near the water. He was actually wearing swim trunks and said he had jumped into the water for fun. “He thought it was a good joke,” explained a fire official.

Legal Matters

A Wisconsin man was sentenced to 50 months in custody for sinking the pleasure boat *Misty Morning* in navigable Michigan waters and polluting the water. Before being sentenced he explained, “I had a business and I couldn’t keep up with technology.” The sentence may seem stiff but he had been convicted in 2009 on three of four counts and failed to show up for sentencing. He was arrested eight months later in Costa Rica, thanks to help from Interpol. The vessel used to tow the *Misty Morning* was also confiscated and he lost his mariner’s license.

Longshoremen went out on a wildcat strike for two days so major shipping lines, terminal operators in New York/New Jersey, and the New York Shipping Association sued the International Longshoremen’s Association seeking damages of more than \$5 million.

In Malta, a drydock employee who fell five stories when scaffolding gave way on the *Lobo Elif* was awarded □4,4154 in actual damages and another □136,800 for loss of earnings, but the court deducted □39,957 he had already received from his personal accident insurance. He has a 95% permanent disability.

Nature

Navigation on the upper Mississippi became difficult after early winter weather created much pancake ice, and crewmen were using long poles to push chunks of ice from between towboats and their barges. At Duluth, commercial tugs had to start breaking 10” of prematurely early ice because Coast Guard icebreakers were caught away doing routine navigational aids tasks.

Two American scientists who have been studying the cyclical nature of sunspots

announced that the world could be headed towards another Ice Age. Over the last 20 years billions have been spent on the assumption that global temperatures will rise but virtually no money was expended investigating the possibilities that global temperatures might fall and the implications thereof.

Metal-Bashing

Prices for ships to be scrapped held up. A Chinese shipbreaker bought a Cape size bulker for \$448 per light displacement ton, a price comparable to those being paid on the Indian sub-continent.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

A US federal court convicted five Somalis of engaging in piracy and related acts, probably the first such US conviction since 1820. They had attacked the frigate *USS Nicholas* after mistaking it for a helpless merchant ship and now face life in jail.

Another Somali pirate was sentenced to 30 years in a US jail for attacking the dock landing ship *USS Ashland*. He also pleaded guilty to piracy against the Danish merchant vessel *CEC Future* and received a 25-year sentence.

Odd Bits

Sonar experts spotted a ship-like object on the sea bottom and a Finnish diver brought up 168 bottles of champagne, including some bottled by a firm that ceased operations in 1830. The wreck also holds many bottles of what may be the world’s oldest drinkable beer.

The US National Transportation Safety Board updated its wish list of Most-Wanted Safety Improvements, hoping that all motorcyclists will wear approved safety helmets but dropping recreational boating which, it felt, had made substantial safety progress.

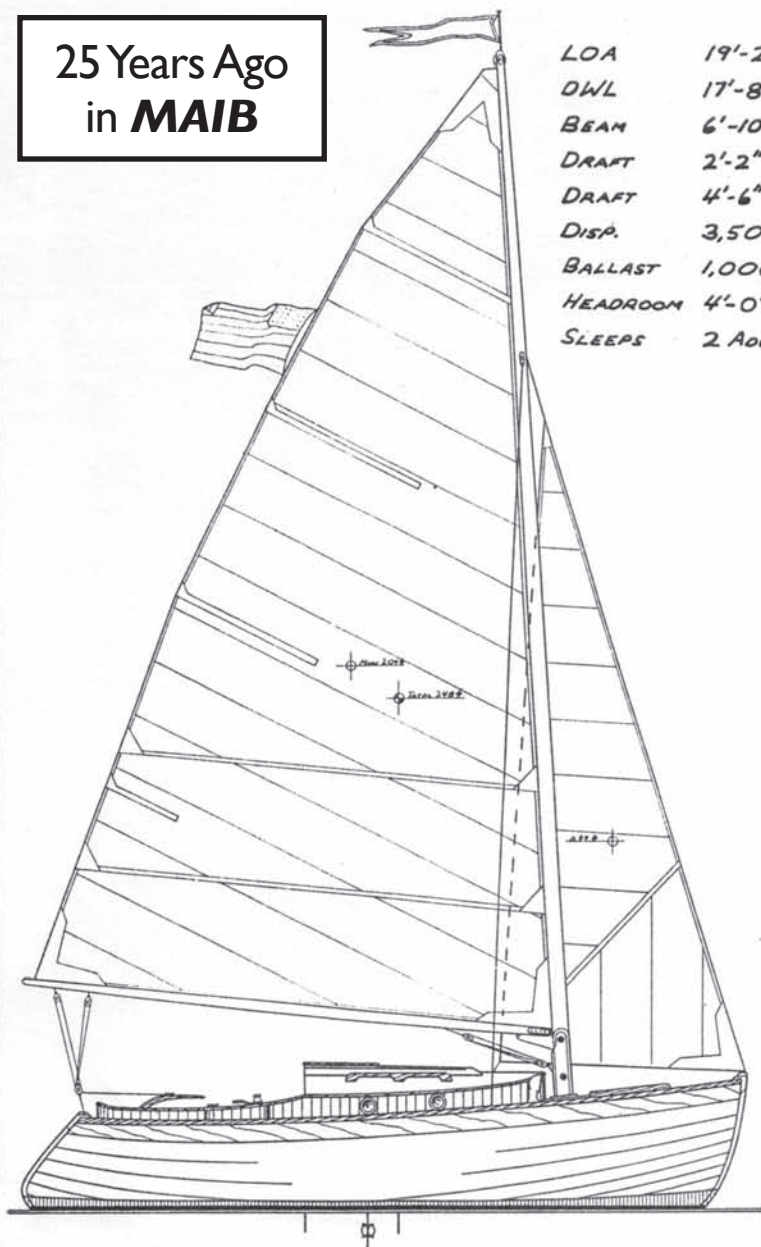
Many foreign ports are so littered with wrecked or abandoned vessels that navigation by larger vessels is difficult and cleanup is difficult to finance, but the Liberian government seems to have struck a deal with a multimillion dollar biomass energy company that does business in that country. It is removing wrecks from various Liberian ports. Among the first seven vessels removed at the freeport of Monrovia were the *Tom Alexandra*, a freighter sunk at pierside while being unloaded in 2006 during civil unrest, another vessel named the *African Style*, about which about no information is available, and two tug boats.

Head-Shaker

New naval ships usually have teething problems and most are not too visible to the general public. But New Zealand’s new off-shore patrol vessel *HMNZS Otago* was taking NZ’s Governor General Sir Anand Satyanand, wife Lady Susan, and a Cabinet Minister to visit the sub-arctic Campbell Island 700km south of New Zealand when it had electrical problems on one engine. The couple was transferred to sister OPV *HMNZS Wellington* (which was carrying a party of scientists for a three-month stay on the island) and the *Otago* limped back to Auckland for repairs.

That was the official story. But according to a reporter on board the *Otago*, very heavy seas on the way south from Bluff had caused a spring on a switchboard to break, temporarily disabling one engine. The Governor General-less OPV was then ordered to return to Auckland, which it did using both engines. Makeshift repairs had been made using duct or “gaffer” tape.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



LOA	19'-2"
DWL	17'-8"
BEAM	6'-10"
DRAFT	2'-2" (B'd Up)
DRAFT	4'-6" (B'd Down)
DISP.	3,500 LB.
BALLAST	1,000 LB.
HEADROOM	4'-0"
SLEEPS	2 ADULTS

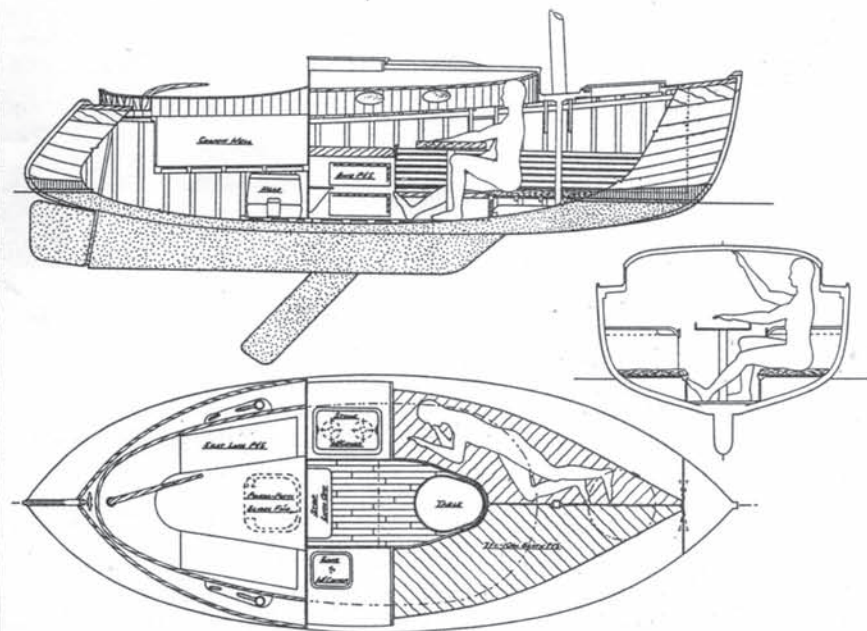
MADRIGAL

Dave's and Howard's Latest Creation

Dave Gerr and Howard Mittleman have gotten together on another project, more demanding than their earlier PIPPIN, a small sailing garvey. MADRIGAL is a 19' canoe yawl of very attractive appearance being built in the traditional manner. Dave is the naval architect, he offers a variety of his designs for sale to builders, professional or amateur. Howard is the proprietor of North River Boatworks in Albany, NY, where he and his crew build elegant traditional wooden boats for sail or oar. Dave's been working up MADRIGAL for some time, and when the plans were ready, he again chose Howard to build the prototype.

Right off Dave has to explain about the "yawl" part because the boat is sloop rigged. It has a canoe stern of unique reverse tumblehome but only one mast. Dave's rationale for still calling it a "canoe yawl" is that the term, "yawl" applies not just to type of sail rig but also to type of boat. It was applicable to small, shallow draft rowing and sailing craft that were used by larger sailing vessels as handy runabouts, called "yawl boats". So that's where the "yawl" comes from.

MADRIGAL has a centerboard but it is built into a shallow draft keel, what is termed a "keel-centerboarder" in today's fiberglass consumer boat literature. The centerboard is long and narrow for effective lateral plane going to windward, while there's plenty of keel at 2', 2" for hanging on the wind through shallows if desired. Dave's pitch is towards that sort of gunkholing use, getting into places the keelboats cannot, yet having some of the advantages of a keel over just a centerboard. Dave says one takes MADRIGAL right aground on suitable shelving beaches with the keel shoe supporting the weight and a pair of "grounding legs" that store in the cockpit lockers hooked over the gunwales in brackets provided. These even adjust for uneven ground, and are not detrimental underway as are the typical bilge keels used for grounding out in some designs, particularly British inspired ones.



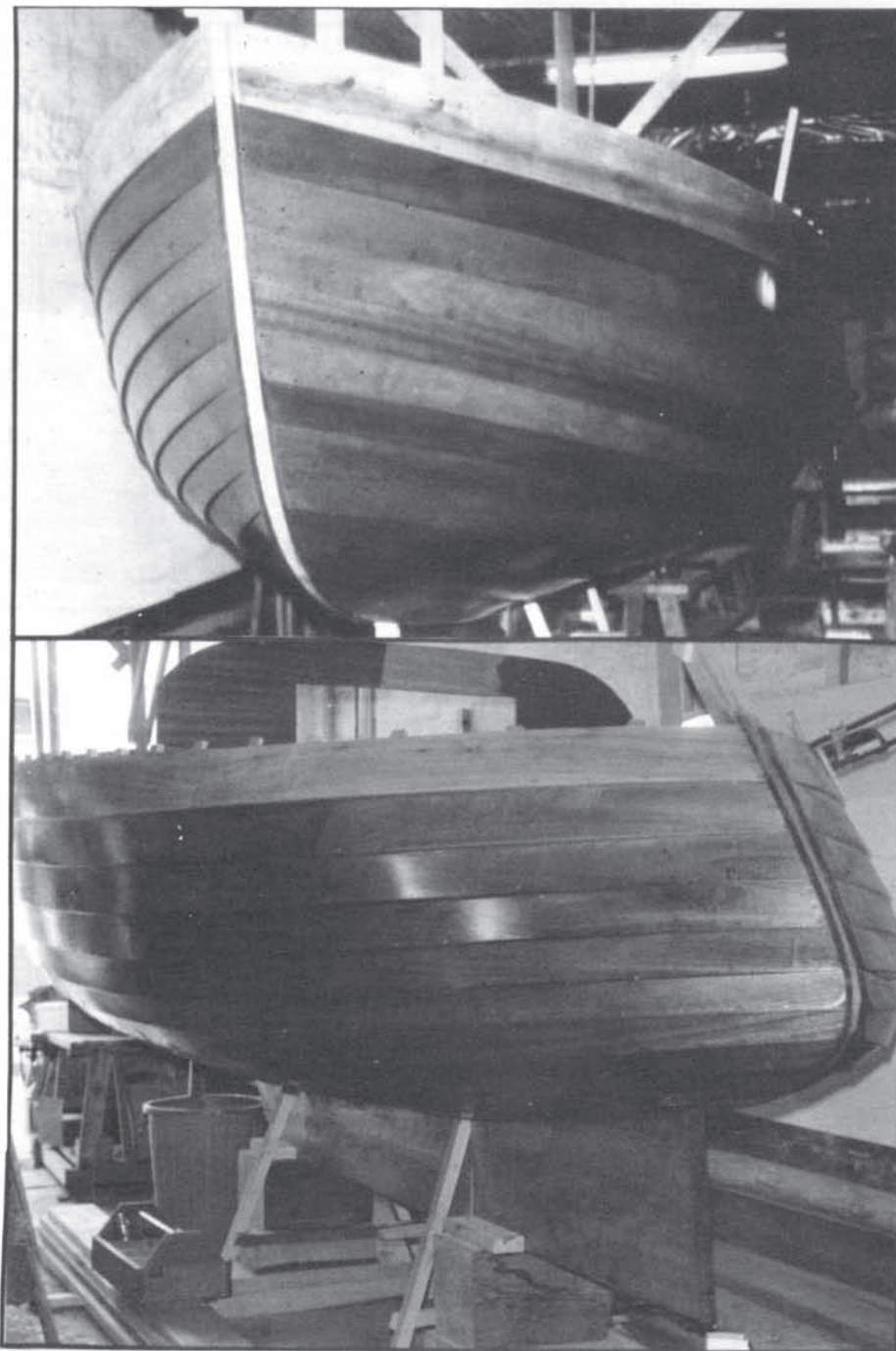
The drawings certainly present an attractive looking boat. Dave points out that the reverse stern keeps the boat at a manageable 19' for trailering yet the boat is actually about a 23 footer in terms of available useable room. He's designed a nice house for overnighing with 4' headroom and long 7', 10" V-berths forward, handy galley and real table, and stow-away portable toilet back under the bridge deck. The self bailing cockpit holds four in comfort with those highback coamings and under the seats are huge lockers.

MADRIGAL carries 248 square feet of sail with most of the drive coming from the main, no big overlapping supersize jibs. The main has a big batten up high that holds out a considerable roach for added sail area, and two deep reefs. The jib is small and feeds the main as well as providing some handy control, such as in backing it to swing the boat around. All the lines come back to the cockpit, a singlehander can do everything with the rig while at the helm, including reefing or dousing the sails. Reefing is slab type, and lazy jacks catch the sail as it drops. And the mast is tabernacle mounted for easy trailering.

Howard is building the prototype traditional style, as the plans dictate, with massive oak frames on 8" centers, a stout keel, stem and sternpost. Planking is lapstrake, a tough approach with the broad-chested, fine-ended hull shape. For home building, Dave offers plans for strip planking, easy enough for almost anyone. But even the traditionally built version adopts modern protective overcoat, with full epoxy coating inside and out, and critical joints not only clench nailed, but also epoxy glued. The plank seams have their clench nails backed up with 3M 5200 sealer. All this pretty much eliminates any period of soaking up water to stop leaks. The boat can be trailer stored and launched dry anytime. And the wood is well protected from future deterioration.

The classic lines are enhanced by use of fancy woods for building, with contrasting light and dark chosen for best appearance bright finished all over. Deckhouse sides are vertical tongue and groove dark mahogany while trim moldings are light ash, for instance. And all the hardware is brass or bronze, with wood shell blocks or bronze on the running rigging.

MADRIGAL may be inspected, by prior appointment, at the builder's shop, North River Boatworks, 6 Elm St. Albany, NY 12202, phone (518) 434-4414. She will also be at the 1986 Wooden Boat Show for in-



Front and rear views of the first MADRIGAL under construction at North River Boatworks.

spection and for test sailing by serious prospects. The present price complete ready to sail away (as they say) is \$27,500. Not a budget boat, all that care and class and quality doesn't come cheap. Building plans are \$95, covering all you need to know, for either lapstrake or strip building. I guess Dave will send you his study packet if you ask, he doesn't mention it in the news release, but it's very comprehensive. Probably you'd do well to include \$5 with your re-

quest. Dave Gerr is at 37 Alden Park, Throgs Neck, NY 10465.

Maybe this is a good spot to remark on why study plans cost \$2 to \$5. They cost something to print up and to mail, and when they are free EVERY dreamer who comes along collects a set. This can run up quite an expense with little chance of a subsequent order. So, the view is, if you're interested enough in a design to want more details, it's worth a couple of bucks of earnest money.

Readers may be interested in the gaff rig I have been testing on my Mirror Dinghy. I have been interested in gaff rigs for a long time, having come across a copy of the book *Hand, Reef and Steer*, by Tom Cunliffe. He enthuses about gaff cutters, sloops, and schooners and loves the power and sea-kindliness of these vessels. I also obtained *The Gaff Rig Handbook* by John Leather, a detailed technical guide. Although it is only a little boat, my thoughts turned to trying a gaff rig on my dinghy, just as an experiment, and maybe in time for the first Alan Earl Trophy competition. This was to be the best made circumnavigation of Hayling Island using traditional rig, to be held during Cobnor Week in August 2009.

I had, for some time, been using a gunter rig with slab reefing. In order to lower the yard to its reefed position, I used a second halyard attached higher up the spar (Fig 2). I realized that these two halyards would form the peak and throat of a gaff rig with no modification, and indeed I can swap between gunter and gaff with no rigging changes. I drew out my existing sail plan and then tried to sketch a gaff sail over it. I soon realized that the new rig ideally requires a high mast in order for the peak halyard to support the gaff; it is not a short-mast rig unless the sail area is obtained using a very long boom and gaff. As I had an old mainsail available, I decided to cut the top off and tolerate the loss of sail area. I found it very easy to sew a bolt rope into the head of the sail using the American Speedy Stitcher tool.

The gaff was made by cutting down a gunter yard, which has a slot for the sail. This simplifies things considerably, and I made thick plywood jaws for it which are rounded to a smooth shape all over (Fig 4). The jaws are loosely held against the mast with a few parallel beads on a piece of line. The slot is filled in at the throat, for strength, and as this is such a light rig, the peak is only attached at one place on the gaff, using an eye plate bolted through. The sail is passed into the slot and can be shackled or tied at head and throat, as shown. It is desirable for the luff of the sail to drop down vertically without being kinked at the throat, and some experiment will usually be needed here. I did not find it necessary to lace the luff to the mast, provided it is pulled down

Gaff Rigged Mirror

By David Sumner
Reprinted from the
Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin #208

nice and tight. When lowering sail, the boom is supported by twin topping lifts, which guide the gaff down between them and catch the sail in a bundle. I strongly recommend twin topping lifts for gunter and gaff.

Notes on the Gunter Rig

Any newcomer reading this will be amazed by the effect when they first reef the mainsail. It is well worth getting a good system working. The Mirror yard needs to be pulled up close to the mast. This is achieved by using separate halyards for normal and reefed positions. When lowering the yard for reefing, there is no need to look up; the reef halyard can be felt slipping through the hand, but then stops when in the correct position and the yard almost clicks into place. The halyards are attached to the yard in the way shown in the diagram. Avoiding knots and frayed line but keeping the yard close to the mast.

Reefing with Gaff and Gunter

A good way to carry out reefing is to first ease the mainsheet to take the pressure off the sail, release the kicker, and pull down the aft pendant; this is a slightly heavy pull as it raises the boom, requiring your body to be near the mast to obtain a pull in a straight line along the boom. Now you still have a usable sail. Next, drop the yard down to the new position, pull down the forward pendant and tie in the points as necessary. What a delight as the fear evaporates and the vessel becomes a proper sea boat.

First Trials

First time out I set off with some trepidation, but I need not have worried because the sail handles exactly the same as the gunter. Although, as Cliff Martin told me, I am "going around with a reef in all the time," those who sail on the open sea will know that it is usually

(but not always) windy, and I have had good results and comfortable sailing. The new gaff is very light to raise and lower, and the low sail plan is excellent when the wind freshens. A sail on a yard or gaff has the advantage that the weight will usually bring it down quickly, even when not head-to-wind, should you see a squall coming.

When reefed, the new rig is very small and works beautifully with the full jib, looking "like a fishing boat" as Liz Baker told me. If winds increase further the jib can be reefed, and beyond that I can sail under reefed mainsail alone, jib alone, reefed jib alone, or twin jibs alone. The first time I gybed I was not sure what to expect, but I found the gaff just followed across obediently and it is not even noticed. If anything, the inertia of the gaff softens the gybe. I tried two methods of gybing; you can haul the boom amidships first or just let it fly right across (as recommended by Uffa Fox). The first method avoids a slack mainsheet so it doesn't hook on anything.

The new sail may be a little less close-winded than the gunter, probably due to using an old sail together with the slight loss of sail area. South Coast DCA members have in any case mentioned to me making good only 60° to the wind in fresh conditions! No wonder the RYA instructor thought my passage planning was from the days of square sail.

I gave the rig a good test sailing in company with Liz Baker, who had broken her rudder and was motoring, when rounding the IoW Foreland from Whitecliff Bay to Bembridge when we had lively conditions in exposed waters. And the boat did win both the Alan Earl Trophy (traditional rig) and the overall Hayling Challenge, even though the slowest boat. On coming out of Langstone Harbour I decided to turn back and wait for an hour due to the steep waves caused by wind against tide. The Wayfarers carried on in these conditions.

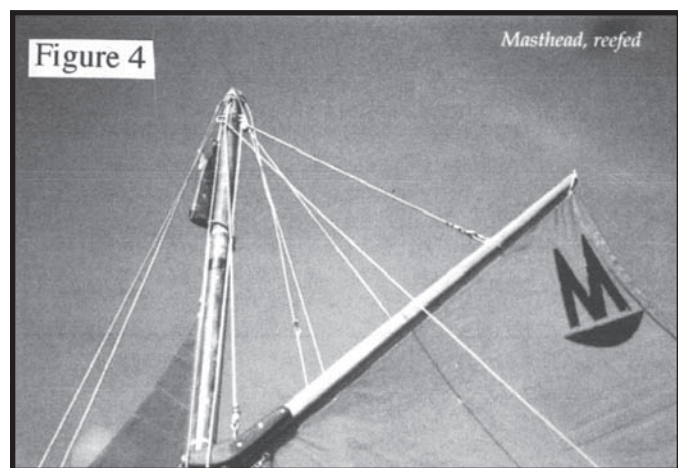
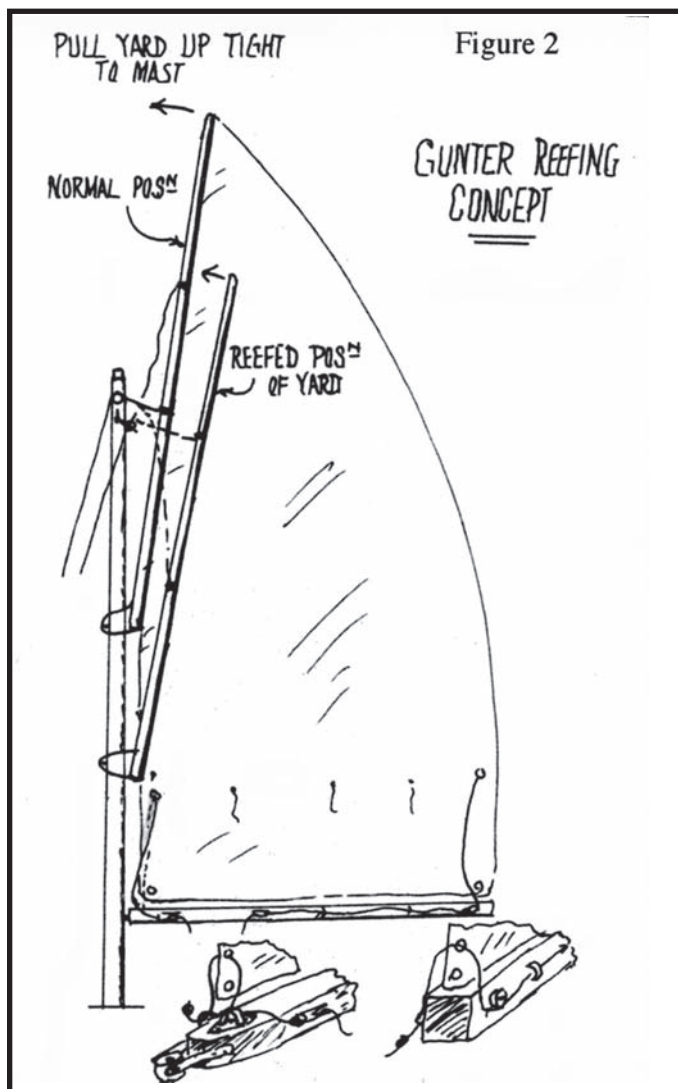
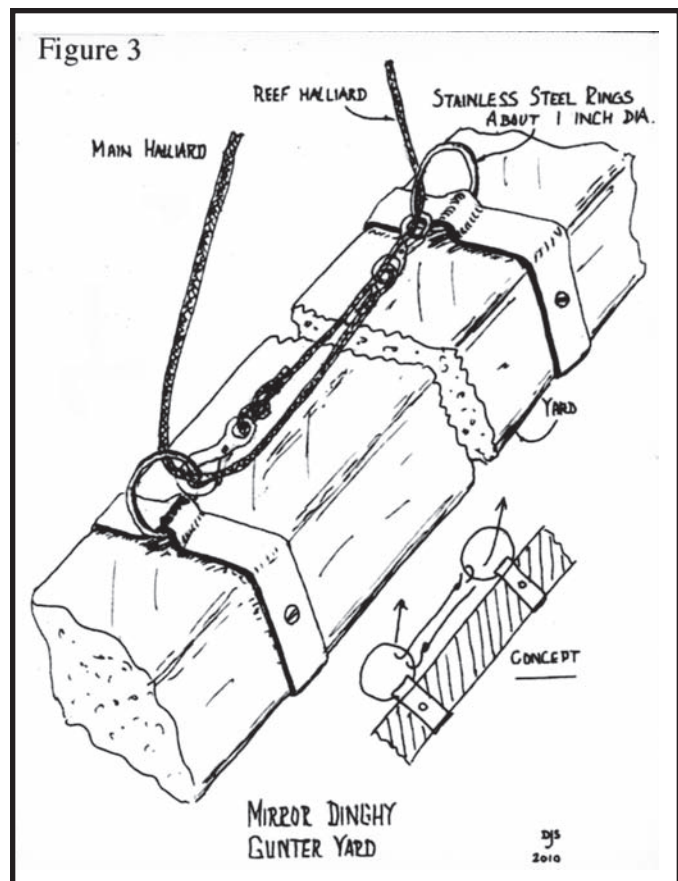
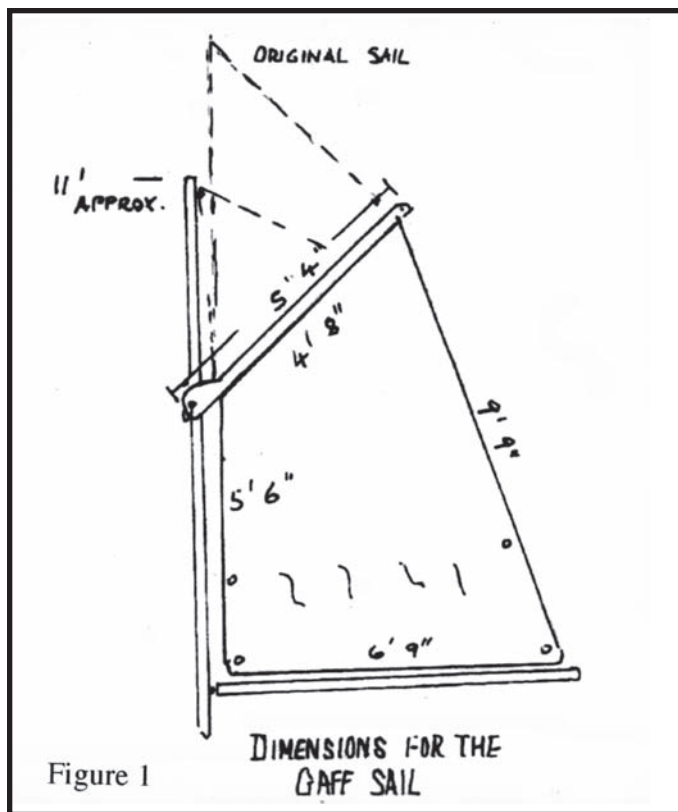
Overall, I find the new rig delightful to use due to its light weight and low sail. Perhaps a topsail would increase the sail area for harbour sailing, some new experiments are in hand. And in conclusion, Arctic sailor John Taylor, referring to his 19' junk-rigged Corribee *Mingming*, says, "A small yacht, with low freeboard and a relatively short mast height, escapes most of the worst of the blast. In the troughs it is relatively well-sheltered. Thus far, *Mingming* has always run off sedately." (www.thesimplesailor.com).

(The photograph heading this article was taken by a man at Christchurch on his way to Sainsburys. He wanted to come with us!)



For More Information About the DCA

Membership Secretary: Tony Nield
40 Grange Ave, Cheadle Hulme,
Cheadle, Cheshire, UK SK85JP
United Kingdom
www.dca.uk.com





CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT

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Chesapeake Light Craft Ships 20,000th Boat Kit

Chesapeake Light Craft (CLC), in Annapolis, Maryland, started selling kayak plans in 1991 and began to manufacture and ship complete kits starting in 1993. On Monday, November 15, 2010, CLC shipped its 20,000th boat kit to a customer in Aguanga, California. The 20,000th kit was a 17' Shearwater kayak, a high performance model that is among CLC's most popular. The Shearwater 17 takes the average amateur boat builder about 80 hours to complete. Weighing only 45 pounds, the wood/fiberglass Shearwater easily competes in performance with \$4,000 factory made Kevlar kayaks.

A boat kit like the Shearwater 17 arrives at the customer's house in a large flat carton, about the size and shape of a thick door. Inside the box are marine plywood parts pre-cut on CLC's computer machinery, ready for assembly. Accompanying the big box is hardware, an epoxy and fiberglass kit, and, of course, complete step-by-step instructions. The Shearwater 17 kit costs less than \$1,000 and ships anywhere in the world.

CLC President John C. Harris, who started as CLC's first full-time employee and now owns the company, says the number crept up on him. "I remember kit number 100, and it's hard to believe we're at 20,000. When we started we didn't know there were so many people who wanted to build their own boat." Amateur boat building has a long history, however, according to Harris. "Boat kit companies really got going in the 1920s and '30s. It was a way for everyman to acquire a nice boat inexpensively, yachts and small pleasure craft were just as expensive back then as they are now," he says. "The Great Depression of the 1930s created a lot of amateur boat builders."

There may be a modern comparison; CLC's sales have doubled since 2005 and have accelerated especially quickly in the last two years. But it isn't just economics that inspire amateur boat builders, says Harris. "Along the way, people can't help but fall in love with the process of building a boat. We have a lot of customers who are on their fifth or sixth boat kit. Boat building is a tremendously creative and expressive exercise and a wooden boat is a work of art you can really use."



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3 Ready to Go!



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Atop a car.



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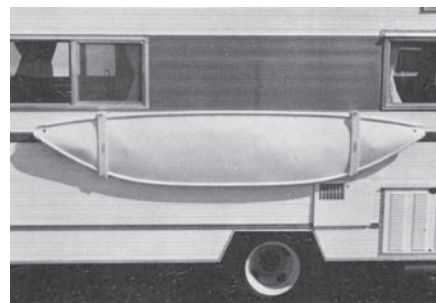
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Big and roomy, holds over 650lbs.



Mounted with camper rack.



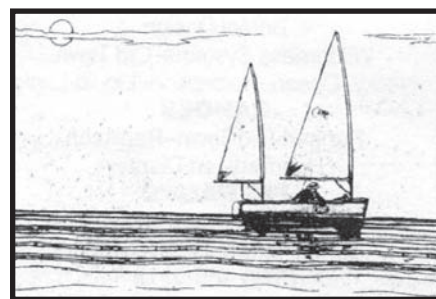
Inside a station wagon or camper.

Fabulous fishing boat.



One Man's Memories

I remember those toads. A good friend and fellow cruiser had one on his boat when we were sailing the Caribbean. I just never could trust something that looked like a clam having its shell pried open with a stick. That boat wouldn't go where I pointed it and trying to row it was an exercise in futility. There is a reason that it is no longer being made.



Rockport Apprenticeshop Report

By Graham Walsh
(Rockport, Maine)



Since my last report the boats under construction on the second floor of the Shop, the 9' and 12' Lawley tenders and the 11' Frank Day rowboat, were launched on December 17. On the ground floor the Apprentice 15' and the Buzzard's Bay 18'8" have had their lead keels poured, all planking done, and framing and interior work is underway. The launching for these boats will be on June 17, 2011.

Following the December launch, we bid bon voyage to our three graduating apprentices, Jim Valentine, Pat Walsh, and Doug Carter. Over their two years in the Shop they have been involved in the following builds: the restoration of the *Haj*, the Pea Pod display in our library, the Mermaid sloop, a Whitehall, and a Susan skiff. Three interns: Connor Gills, Patrick Kane, and Seth Walton have completed their 12-week builds of Susan skiffs.

With the incoming tide on January 3, 2011, we welcomed Ryan Flynn from Reading, Massachusetts, Kit Macchi from Baltimore, Maryland, and Sophie Meltzer from Rockland, Maine, as new apprentices. With ambition, gusto, and desire, they arrive to build some of the best traditional craft built anywhere.

For information about internships, apprenticeships, upcoming workshops, as well as commission work and boats under construction that are for sale, email Graham Walsh, Shop Manager, at grahamw@apprenticeshop.org.

Pat and Adam planking the 12' Lawley.



Skyler and Matt prep the 9' Lawley for painting.



Rolling the Apprentice 15.



Duncan and Alex frame the 18' Buzzards Bay.

Drew caulking Frank Day rowboat.



Mahogany Fisherman's Skiff

By Jon Persson
(Centerbrook, Connecticut)

When a student in one of my boat building classes requested a more challenging project, this mahogany Fisherman's Skiff was the result. Combining a simple, proven design with elements of fine wooden boat craftsmanship produced a boat which invites both frequent use and continuing admiration. The addition of a traditional sailing rig completed the project.

Lapstrake planking of occume plywood, bonded and copper riveted throughout, creates a traditional look with all the benefits of modern wooden boat construction. Oak frames and solid mahogany transom, seats, knees, and trim combine to allow the function and beauty of a highly varnished yacht finish. Spruce spars and oars complete the presentation.

The design chosen for this project was my 12' Fisherman's Skiff, a stable and seaworthy boat of well known capability. This boat is tight enough to handle easily, yet steady enough for family or fisherman. A small outboard has extended the range of functions performed; an electric outboard is being considered.

This is a boat that will provide many years of that special enjoyment unique to objects with both utility and beauty. Boats of this and many other designs are available at various levels of finish or, as a special challenge, in formats for the owner to be the builder.

Information is available from Seth Persson Boat Builders, 17 Industrial Park Rd, Suite 5, Centerbrook, CT 06409, (860) 767-3303.



Killbear Paddler's Rendezvous

By Steve Lapey
(Groveland, Massachusetts)

While I had sent a notice out for this event to our Wooden Canoe Heritage Association (WCHA) Chapter members in hopes of attracting some company, when the time came I was the only one who was up for the long drive, but it was worth it and I recommend it for next year. Killbear is an Ontario Provincial Park with a large number of car camping areas, most of which are closed after Labor Day. The park opens up one area especially for the paddlers for this event and they came from far and near. By far I guess that would be me from Massachusetts and Dave McDaniels from Michigan, others were from all corners of Ontario.

There were 30 or more members of the WCHA there with wooden canoes and a whole bunch of canoe racing people with C-1s, C-2s, and larger outrigger canoes. The racers, for the most part, did their thing and we wooden canoe nuts all hung together and paddled and sailed each other's canoes.

Andre Cloutier brought his early 1920s Model 50 Canadian Canoe Company boat and that is the sweetest paddling canoe that I have ever been in! It glides effortlessly through the water and the bow goes exactly where you want it to go. By comparison, Andre also had a wood strip canoe from Burleigh Falls that was pretty, but when paddling it only wanted to go straight ahead. Turning was an actual chore.

Saturday was a gorgeous day and I was able to sail and paddle most of the day on Georgian Bay, possibly the largest body of water other than the Atlantic Ocean on which I have ever paddled. In the evening the Northern Lakes Chapter put on a fish fry and later we sat around the fire talking about canoes and other deep topics such as "what kind of varnish do you use," filler recipes, old and new.

Sunday wasn't quite as nice weatherwise and by afternoon some folks started packing up and heading for home, me included. I stopped along the way at Camp Pathfinder in Algonquin Park for an overnight. While I was there I had a chance to look over their fleet of over 50 wood and canvas canoes that they use extensively for tripping just as they did when I was there many years ago as a young camper. Yes, it was a long drive for a short weekend but I'll plan on doing it again.

Wooden canoes on the beach, The dark one is Dave McDaniel's Thompson. The light one is the Canadian Canoe Model 50



Morris Canoes Coming Out of the Woodwork!

By Steve Lapey (Groveland, Massachusetts)

In early September I sent out a notice about a Morris Canoe that had appeared on craigslist. It was an 18-footer with closed gunwales, and from the photos in the ad it looked to be in pretty decent condition. I had spoken to the seller and decided that I didn't have room for a Morris project right now so I spread the word. Ed Moses took one look at the pictures, called the seller, and by the end of the day it was in his barn to be restored for his family.



Ed with the 18' foot Morris, notice that it is complete with its floor rack and the replacement center thwart that I made for it.

Lo and behold, less than a week later, a 15' Morris popped up, this one in York, Maine, and once again Ed was first on the scene to scoop this one up. The second Morris is destined to become Ed's solo canoe while the bigger one will be reserved for family outings. One cannot have too many Morris canoes around the house.



Just goes to show that there are still lots of these old timers out there, you just have to keep your eyes and ears wide open and be ready to jump when something appears.

New member Lyle Lemon from Charlestown has recently acquired a very unusual Morris from his employer. Apparently it had been sitting in the garage for over 30 years, just waiting for someone willing to restore it. This 18-footer has all the goodies including torpedo stems and long decks. From the photos that have been posted on the WCHA website this Morris is in unusually good original condition. Lyle is anxious to get started on the restoration of this beauty; perhaps we will be able to see it next summer on the water.



Outstanding Morris, possibly from the late teens, as discovered by Lyle Lemon. Note the unusual torpedo stems and the long decks with coamings.

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Boatbuilding with Burnham

Pinky Schooner *Ardella* Takes Shape

Thursday, December 9, 2010

Time and Tide Wait for No Man...

The boatyard is along a tidal river and sometimes during those very high water days it slows down the work some. We have considered the fact that we do feel like we are building Noah's Ark... and wonder if global warming keeps up if we might end up living as they did in *Water World*... but lets really hope not. Besides, *Water World* (the movie) is too painfully bad to watch.



Waterworld? Time and tide wait for no man.

Sunday, December 12, 2010

Christmas Has Come to the Boatyard

Harold and the crew have every frame up aft and just four more to go forward to complete it. With the frames almost finished, Harold is looking forward to getting the steam box out and will start the planking process, hopefully before Christmas, which feels good. There is still a lot of work to do but thanks particularly to a devoted crew we are making headway!



Santa drills a long hole (to the North Pole?).

The river has frozen and winter is here.



32 – *Messing About in Boats*, December 2010

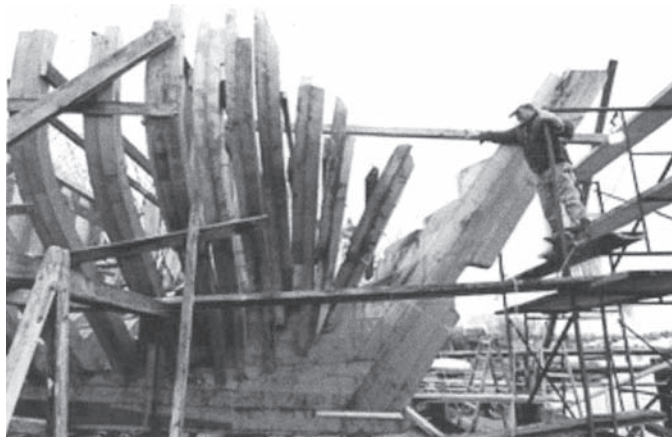


Sheds are full of drying wood.

The gang needed to get the after frames in place and they are now almost all bolted down. The knightheads fore and aft are going up. Work today is tough as it is bitter cold but by the weekend Harold hopes to put a small Christmas tree on the bow so that should add to the festive feeling around here. A kind of symbol that the framing is done and the planking will begin. Sort of a great way to begin the new year!

Wednesday, December 15, 2010

Aft Frames are Bolted



Slowly the frames are being bolted up, but not many as yet.

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Winter Solstice and We are Making Headway

It has been busy here at the yard and by today it looks like the last frame will be going up. Everything is in place and Harold will then be able to hang a Christmas tree on the bow. The crew has been working extremely hard and their tenacity has helped make this all happen. The frames were going to be up this am, but it looks like the winter solstice decided to give us some astronomically high tides. Well, now that the days will be getting longer and the planking process will begin... perhaps there is some kind of feeling now that this will be a heck of a nice schooner.





Harold needs to keep cutting to keep up with the boat's progress.

Wednesday, December 22, 2010 Is the Last Frame Up Yet? Yep!!

The last frame just went up and the Christmas tree is in place on the stem! Hooray. The "Frame Up" call will not be heard again for some time... but for now that is OK. Take a break, perhaps, and celebrate Christmas. Planking starts soon enough! Great job to Harold and the crew of Chuck Redman, Zach Teal, Bernie Power, Steve Willard, Jeff Lane, Frances Cleary, Dan Tobyne, Aaron Snyder, Davis Griffith, Pierre Erhard, Jim Chambers, David Wyman, Andy Spinney, Henry S, Geoffrey Richon, John Miles, Eric Borden, Dr Robin Tattersall, Chuckie and Maria Burnham, Simon Koch, Dave Brown, John Drake, Perry and Alden Burnham, Daisy Nell and Stan, Joyce for her great Red Barrell Chowder, Carla our great neighbor, and many more folks and passersby and helpers who I apologize to for failing to note their names. It could not have been done without you!!

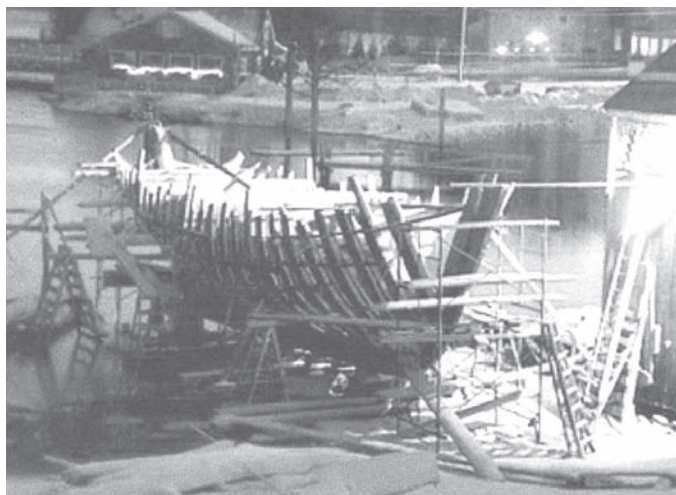
Gloria! The Tree has been heard on high.



Tuesday, December 28, 2010

Coastal Blizzard Swamps the Boatyard

The post Christmas storm wreaked some havoc at the Burnham yard. While Harold has not been able to judge what may have been swet out by the tide, the barn floor had a foot of water in it at the height of the storm. We haven't been able to find the scary clown, our mascot that Harold found at the dump. We think the large doll may be out to sea by now. Sail on, scary clown!



A winter blizzard visits the yard.

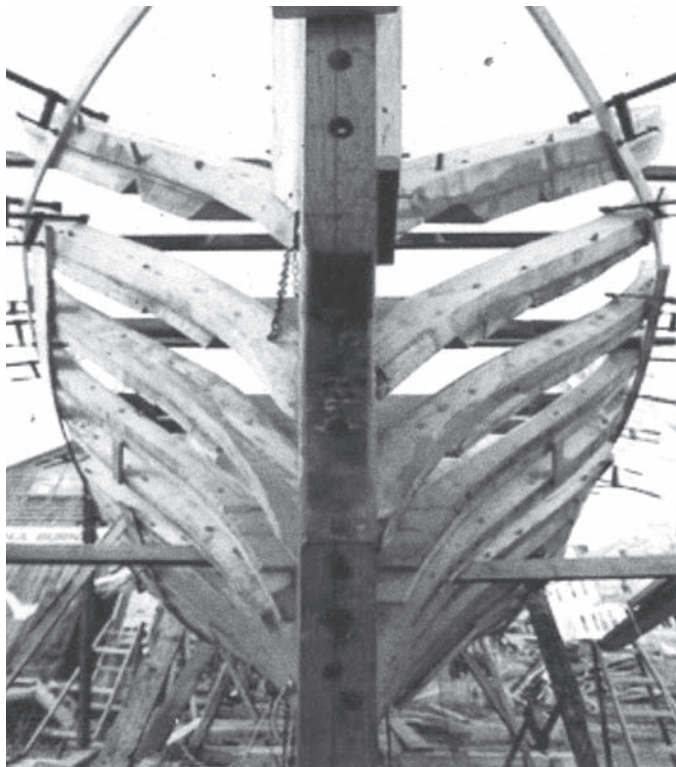
Friday, December 31, 2010

Happy New Year from Burnham Boatbuilding

There have been so many great photos taken this year with Dan Tobyne spending so many long hours shooting this project. We have also had photos contributed by Perry Ardelie Burnham and many others but truly, thank you, Dan, for so many great, great photos. It has been a great experience so far watching this schooner get built and so many people have helped. It really is an inspiring story to be continued into 2011! Happy New Year! and thanks! See you next month.

Harold A. Burnham

Nice angle!



How I Came to *Ardelle*

In June of 2010 I found myself at a crossroads. Continue to fight the battle of a failing family business of 80 years and three generations or finally pursue a life more true to my soul? The fact that I am writing this reveals the direction I took.

I had always had an interest in working with wood but had never consistently acted upon it. I did dabble a bit in woodworking when my kids were young. I attended various workshops and created a number of items including jewelry boxes, tables, and footstools of which I am particularly proud. Having grown up around boats, my latest attempt six years ago to resurrect my woodworking hobby was to build a 14' rowing wherry intended for use at our family camp on Great Pond in Belgrade, Maine. I managed to get her backbone finished and was ready to begin planking when my business required me to travel to Turkey extensively and the boat was put aside.

Each time I carried on these hobbies, I dreamt of the opportunity to make a living from it. In fact, I was always dreaming about some other profession other than the one I was in. I would read the ads in the boating magazines for the various boat building schools and try to imagine if it were at all possible for me to make such a drastic move. It wasn't until my mental and physical well being forced me to make a change that I finally took a leap of faith and began to pursue boat building.

Having applied and been accepted to a school in Maine, I was carefully considering how I was going to pull it off. Indeed, as much as I wanted to attend school, there was the problem of financing tuition as well as the difficulties associated with being "away at school" at 51 years of age with teenage children to consider. "If only I could find an apprenticeship with some builder" was a thought which entered my mind on numerous occasions. No wonder I nearly dropped the phone the day I spoke with Harold Burnham of Burnham Boatbuilding in Essex, Massachusetts. A serendipitous chain of events brought me to Harold, and I had called him merely for the purpose of networking and advice.

"Have you given the school a deposit yet?" asked Harold.

"No," was my answer.

"Well," said Harold, "I'm just about to start building a 60' schooner. Why don't you come work with me?" And so, my apprenticeship began.

Baptism by Lofting

My first lesson in boat building according to Burnham was in preparation of the yard. This was a purely physical task. Bucking and splitting piles of live edge and sapwood established a stockpile of fuel for the steam box as well as the various woodstoves, which now warm us during mug up. The timbers meant for the boat had to be placed about the yard to wait for inspection and use. Mold stock had to be planed and carried up to the loft. Debris from thousands of board feet of sawn timber had to be cleared from underfoot. I hadn't expected this type of work to be part of my apprenticeship, but it was the best first lesson I could have had. Boat building is not just lofting, cutting, and building. A great deal of preparation is essential so that everything is in place to begin construction. It was hot physical work, but each day I went home exhausted and satisfied.

The Apprentice and the Pinky *Ardelle*

By Charles F. Redman



Harold and I working on the loft floor.

At the end of that first week of yard prep I was introduced to the loft. I was not particularly intimidated by the maze of lines on the floor, having had a bit of experience with lofted boat plans from my 14' wherry. I knew something about what lay before me on the floor, but it took some time to sort things out due to the size and scope of this boat compared to that 14-footer. The best way to make sense of it all was to get right into it, and that I did thanks to Harold's teaching methods. One of the first things he said to me about the subject was, "if you want to find out if you are a boat builder, get a set of plans and some wood and at the end, if you have a boat, you're a boat builder."

So, I dove right in, or perhaps more accurately, Harold pushed me in. First job was to lay battens on the half breadth plan to check the lines for fairness. Next, I double checked the marks on the tick sticks, those long thin pieces of wood used to record measurements without the need for transferring from rule to paper while lofting. I confirmed that each mark matched the intended point on the floor and made corrections where needed. This was especially important as Harold had made some changes to the plan while lofting. This was done for all crucial parts of the plan; profile heights, half breadths, waterlines, etc. Finally, I measured the marks on each stick and entered the results in an Excel sheet which became the new table of offsets. By the end of this process it became relatively easy to quickly locate each separate view of the boat, but making sense of some of the details within each plan would require more work. I was initiated and anxious to get down to building.

Before the building could begin in earnest, a new half-hull model needed to be made to confirm that the changes to the plan produced the hull shape Harold wanted. Harold and I each made a model, his starboard and mine port. This way Harold was able to demonstrate the process to me and then let me have at it myself. Also, we were able to put the two halves together, allowing us to see the full beam of the boat. Pinky schooners are double enders. Traditionally, the bow is a bit on the blunt side, but Harold had sharpened her bow a bit during the lofting at the urging of a friend who said, "if you expect me to sail in her across the pond with you, she better have a point on her."

"That's our boat right there," remarked Harold as he examined her lines. "It is what it is. Time to build." And so we were ready, and I was chomping at the bit to start working wood.

The Building Begins

The building begins with the making of patterns and molds. Here again, my limited experience with the building of the 14-footer allowed me to pick up on the process quickly. A copy of the piece needed is transferred from the lofted plan to a piece of pattern stock, which in turn is used to transfer the shape to the stock intended for the boat. Either pine or cheap 1/8" plywood is used. The choice varies depending on the size and shape of the piece being "gotten out" and at times was determined by whatever was close at hand. What is important is to have a strong accurate copy of the piece using the lowest cost stock possible.

I learned an important lesson about this early on while making a pattern for a section of the keel. The piece was long, about 8' and 8" wide. In my zeal to produce a fine looking pattern, I had selected a piece of pine from the shed, planed it to desired thickness, and had it ready to put to the lofting floor for tracing the piece. Luckily for me, Harold happened to check my progress just in time. "Wow!" exclaimed Harold, "that's a beautiful piece of wood! You building a cabinet?" I had selected one of the clearest pieces of pine in the yard, not a single knot or an ounce of sapwood, perfect for some piece of finished joinery, but a bit expensive for a pattern.

The patterns for the frames or "ribs" are called molds. Having completed the patterns for the keel sections, I began the mold making process while Harold got out the keel sections using my patterns. Most of the molds required three pieces of 1/2" pine joined together in order to capture the sweeping curves of the frame. In other boats, this was done using a butt joint with mechanical fasteners to hold it together. Harold decided he wanted to try something that would produce a stronger mold using a scarf joint glued up with epoxy. It worked beautifully, and in order to accommodate the time needed for the epoxy to set up, we settled into a routine of one mold per day. The object was to time the gluing process so the epoxy could set up overnight. The next morning, the mold could be finished and I would move on to other jobs, taking care to get back at the molds in time to get the next one glued up by the end of the day.

For the most part, this routine worked well, interrupted occasionally by some other priority. We were working to have the keel laid and at least a few frames built and ready for a "Frame Up" celebration scheduled for Labor Day. Even if we had just one frame ready by then, it would not matter without the keel ready to accept it, so missing one day of mold production to work on the keel was acceptable.

With the building process now in full swing, my apprenticeship began to develop into a series of daily routines around mold and pattern production, punctuated by the occasional one-off job. As the designated loftsmen and moldsman, I spent most of my time in the loft while others worked outside on the boat. As much as I enjoyed this work and took pride in what I did, there were times I felt I was missing out on what was going on outside. I was envious of others who were

able to work building frames and pounding bolts through the developing backbone. Through it all, however, I knew I was doing something very important which has been validated many times since when Harold or his dad Chucky would look at the frames and comment on how good the hull looks and what a fine job "someone" did on the bevels. There is not much more satisfying than that.

Whether or not it was a new task or a new day of repeated tasks, I was always learning. Harold does a beautiful job of providing enough information to allow one to move forward and learn by doing. It is the most efficient way and the best way to learn. Usually the time correcting a mistake made by the apprentice is less taxing to the builder than the time it would take for him to demonstrate each task. While I was busy applying my new knowledge, sometimes recognizing my mistakes on my own, Harold could be off attending to other matters. If he found a mistake in my work later, he would point it out, explain again what was needed, tend to my ego with a simple "don't worry, there's no mistake we can't fix" and be on his way, leaving me to try again.

Harold has not been my only teacher. Indeed, the boat would not be to the point it is now without the help of many friends and interested craftsmen who come to the yard to help out, some fairly regularly, others once in a while. When a large crew was needed to carry and hoist the heavy frames

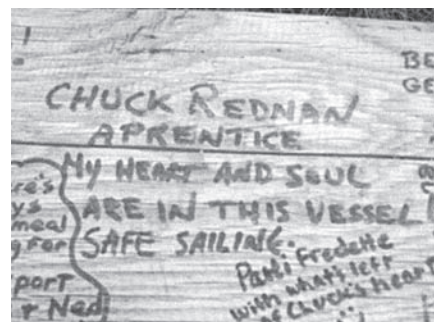
onto the keel on frame up days (usually on a Saturday) Harold was able to get the word out and there was never a shortage of manpower to do the job. Each has something to offer by way of their experience. There are carpenters, an arborist, machinists, artists, students, craftsmen, and retirees. I've learned from watching them and we all learn from each other. We laugh, tell stories and jokes, offer tips, share coffee and muffins, and build and create. It is an experience I will always cherish.

Through it all I have learned countless things. I've learned to pay attention to the wood; the direction of the grain, how to look for rot, sapwood and various other defects which have no place in a boat. I've improved my skills with power and hand tools. I've threaded bronze rod to make bolts, driven trunnels into frames, and created a new set of plans for the Coast Guard. The list goes on, and with the framing complete and the planking about to commence, I am filled with anticipation for the next phase and all the lessons to come.

Nearly five months have passed since my chance meeting with Harold Burnham, and as I stand looking at the mass of oak before me which is the pinky schooner *Ardelle*, I am awestruck by the magnitude of the undertaking. When I first set foot in the Burnham Boatyard on the second of August, the only evidence that a vessel would rise from the edge of the marsh was a nonde-

script hunk of lead and piles of sawn timber. Now, five months and numerous man-hours of blood, sweat, and tears later there stands a boat. A massive oak thing of beauty, a few final tasks away from receiving her first garboard plank. To me, it is a monument to the incredible courage, resourcefulness, and vision of the builder and a testament to the power of friends and strangers alike sharing a passion for the thing and possessing a willingness to pitch in for nothing but the pure satisfaction to have had a hand in its creation.

(To Be Continued)



Best wishes inscribed on the keel.

A nice view of the whole schooner.

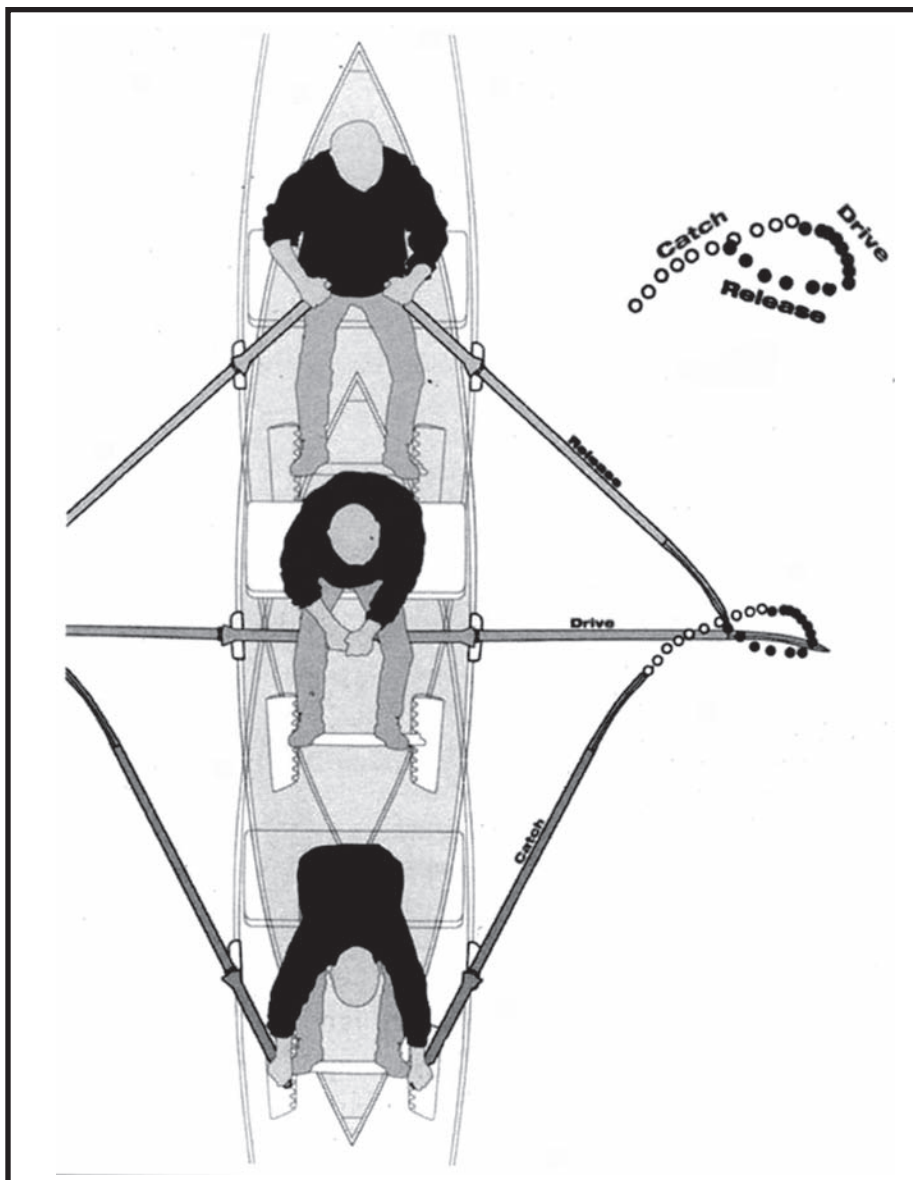


Reprinted from *The Ash Breeze*, Journal of the Traditional Small Craft Association. (How, and why, I discovered that an oar moves forward instead of backward in the water during the rowing stroke.)

My failed experiment was a source of wonderment to me. How could my carefully designed swiveling blade oar be less efficient than a conventional oar? After all, it was in the book, well, not quite, but it was on the Internet. Here is a description of how a racing oar works:

"The force from the blade on the water is generally normal (at right angles) to the blade surface at all times. The only exceptions to this are at the catch and the release. This force can be broken down into the following two components: 1) parallel to the direction of the boat; and 2) lateral to the direction of the boat. The lateral force does not contribute to the forward motion of the boat. Between 70° and 110° the oar's angle

The diagram (drawn by Cavan Lenaghan) shows a rower at the three stages of the same stroke. Dots represent the position of the blade in the water about every five degrees of stroke. Notice that the blade sails forward in the water. This "sailing" occurs for 60° of catch and release, while stalling or moving back in the water occurs for 40° of drive. (Data from "Hydrodynamic Lift in the Rowing Strike," Ken Young, University of Washington, June 5, 1997.)



The articulated oar blade swivels at right angles to travel. Its angle is controlled by a lanyard attached to the gunwale.

with the boat's direction provides the greatest forward force on the boat. Ideally the rower's force should be highest when the oar is in this position. (Virginia Technical Institute, Mechanical Engineering, Tidwell 1998.)"

So, "the lateral force does not contribute to the forward motion of the boat." It seemed logical, so I made an oar that is always at right angles to the boat to eliminate the lateral (sideways) force. What a disappointment! It was very easy to pull at the catch and release and not very efficient mid stroke. However, it was a bit like going nowhere and moved the boat less than a conventional oar. I dumped the project, then gradually figured out why it didn't work.

Of course, at the catch the blade was going two thirds sideways and only one third aft. Although it was easy to pull, two thirds of my action was being wasted. How then was the conventional oar so much more effective, at other than right angles, when most of its energy was being wasted because "the lateral force does not contribute to the forward motion of the boat?" I have come to the following conclusions about this, especially for low load conditions:

For a well-designed curved blade on a boat in motion the water will flow over the blade at the catch as the boat moves forward in the same way as the wind blows over a sail and drives a boat to windward. This does not apply to a boat getting underway as the blade will stall. This explains why starting strokes are short and close to right angles with the boat. Further readings on "hydrodynamic lift" in relation to rowing confirm my conclusion. They disclose the counterintuitive fact that the oar moves forward in the water, by around 4", during the stroke.

The lateral motion of the oar will now induce water to flow over the blade rearward, creating a forward thrust in return.

Too much force on the oar at the catch will cause the oar to stall and create wasteful turbulence.

The lower force required to avoid turbulence occurs naturally because of the smaller leverage offered the rower when making long strokes.

Greater efficiency is offered at the catch as the oar is moving sideways into clean water. The parallel to this is the greater efficiency of a sailing boat on a reach (catch) than a run (drive).

When the oar is at right angles to the boat it loses energy through slippage. This slippage amounts to about 30% at the tip, which travels furthest. This argues for a shorter wider blade but, for reasons of balance and clearance on the return stroke, this is not practical beyond a certain point.

My friend Colin Putt, who is a chartered chemical engineer and a seagoing adventurer, believes that the following effect also comes into play. "The oar acts like one blade of a

centrifugal pump (which uses an impeller to throw water outwards through an exit). The oar acts to project a jet of water away from the centre of rotation, in this case the oarlock. The curved end of the blade impels the water in a more effective direction for propulsion through most of the stroke." This analysis bears thinking about, especially when designing the blade.

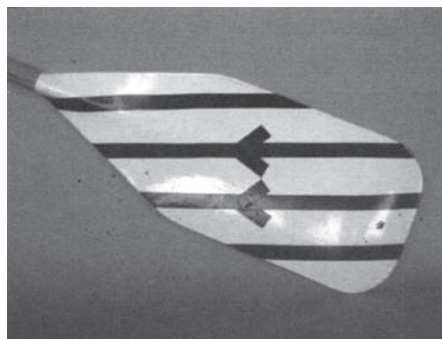
Years ago, I observed the native use of canoes on the remote island of Togula, in New Guinea, where I had been shipwrecked. Although they had efficient paddles, they would always use a pole to propel the canoes when the water was shallow enough.

The pole had no slippage, of course, and gave close to 100% efficiency (in contrast to estimated efficiencies of 70-80% for oars). Natives would allow their weight to fall backwards off the canoe while poling and push themselves upright at the last moment in the most skillful manner.

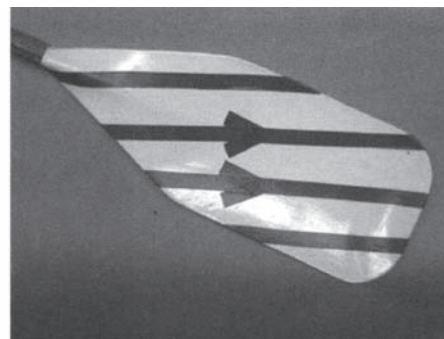
Excited about this interesting and counterintuitive theory of the sailing oar, I made a prototype oar that is shaped more like a sail to improve its performance. The leading edge is curved aft at 45° to the line of the shaft and the blade is curved lengthwise and sideways to encourage non-turbulent flow. The angled flow necessitates curves across and along the blade.

Testing with a hose showed the water attaching much better to the rear of the prototype.

Now for the acid test, how would it work? Had I wasted my time again? I chose a calm day to test the oar down on the Hawkesbury River and opposed the prototype "sailing oar" against a more conventional blade of the same area. The test had to be done under calm conditions. If the boat was carefully rowed with equal force on each oar, prototype one side, it should turn away from the prototype if more efficient and towards it if less efficient. After 20 careful test runs (eyes closed, eyes open) the dory consistently turned away from the prototype. It was even more effective



Sailing Oar, Mark 1. At the catch (left) the motion of the boat induces the water flow as shown. At the release (right) the reverse occurs. The angle of flow over the blade corresponds to the angle of the oar in the water.



Left: Water does not attach to the rear of a more conventional blade. The blades use carbon fibre on the front (tension) side, and chopped-strand mat (better under compression) at the back. Right: Water attaches to the rear of the prototype for at least part of its length. This corresponds with the tip vortex forming further down the blade at the catch.



when a long catch was used. Another rower achieved the same result. The feel at the catch is of quite refined performance, with a pull propelling further than expected.

Sometimes the laws of physics work against you. In this case not so, the prototype is very much stiffer because of its more compound



shape. This enables a lighter blade that has the important effect of reducing outboard weight where such a reduction will have most effect.

Where to from here? Well, of course, even more radical shapes are to be tested until the shape becomes too extreme. The blade will be married to a new design of shaft.

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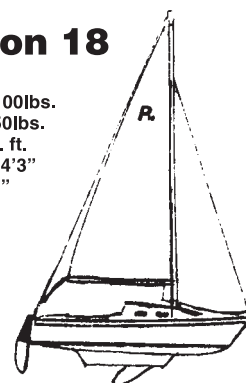
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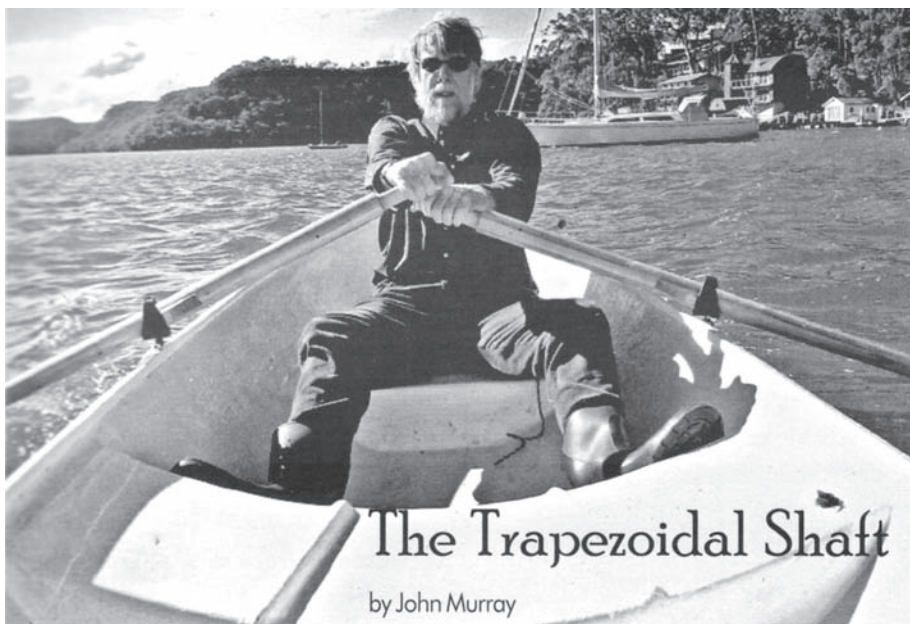
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It is more by accident than design that I have arrived at an efficient and radical way of making a stiff, light shaft. The cross sectional shape goes by the rather awkward name of “isosceles trapezoid” (an isosceles triangle with the apex cut off). It was while I was playing around with different shapes that I was surprised to find that such a shape could rotate in the oarlock, as well as provide a flat section to match the D-shape of the oarlock. Since it had many other advantages, I have been making oars using this shape.

Considerations

Most oarlocks are designed for a round, less than 2” diameter shaft. When the leather protector is added, the shaft is reduced to 1⁷/₈”. Some fittings reduce it to 1¹/₄” at the oarlock and this dictates the dimensions of the rest of the oar for a given length. Most properly designed oars will have approximately the same volume. Hence, they need a light strong timber. Expensive and hard to get, Sitka spruce is generally selected as the ideal choice

Active and Passive Planes

The plane of the oar vertical to the water (passive plane) only needs to be strong enough to lift the blade in and out of the water, while that parallel to the water (active plane) needs to be strong and stiff to resist bending and breakage of the oar. The passive plane of a round oar is wastefully stiff.

There is no reason why a heavier timber cannot be made thinner in the passive plane as long as it is still functional. Note that the trapezoid cross section has substantial material on the tension side and even more on the compression side to compensate for the lesser compressive strength of wood. By contrast, the round cross section has a minimum amount of material where it is most needed and a maximum where it is least needed.

Stiffness

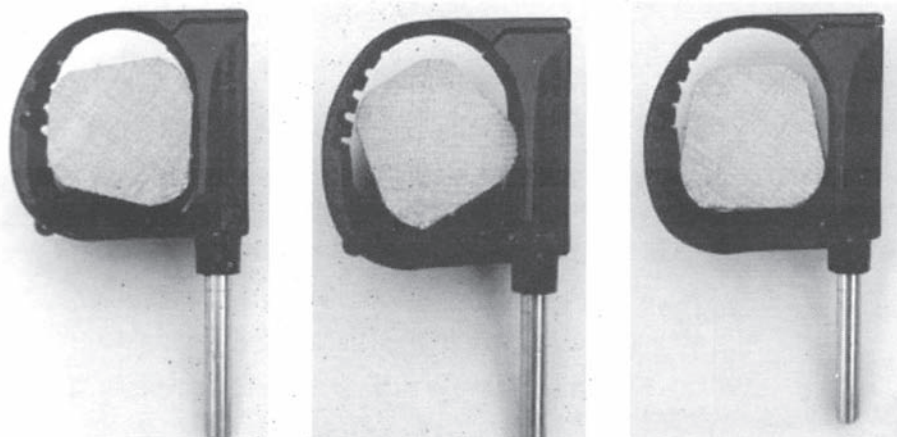
It takes energy to bend an oar and this energy will be imperfectly returned at the end of the stroke when it is not as useful. I may have an argument on my hands about this, as one enthusiast has told me, “the oars on my Adirondack guide boat have quite a bit of spring in them. The builder says that’s intentional.” In order to resolve these contrary positions, the argument should be taken to a logical conclusion. So, consider an oar made of stiff rubber that bends considerably. It is obvious that it would be quite ineffective. Now make it of stiffer and stiffer materials. It will become progressively more effective. The logical conclusion is that a perfectly stiff oar will be most effective.

A 10% increase in thickness of the active plane will yield a 20% increase in stiffness. Both the amount of material, and the distance between the compression and tension side of the active plane affect stiffness. This explains the 2:1 ratio.

Unfeathered.

Feathering.

Feathered.



Only the amount of material in the passive plane affects stiffness in the active plane, so its thickness affects stiffness on a 1:1 basis. This means that a 1/8” increase in the active plane will allow a 1/4” decrease in the passive plane, producing a lighter oar that is just as stiff.

Balance

The oar should be as light as possible especially at the outboard end. Energy can be wasted in the following ways due to poor balance:

For each stroke the oar reverses direction twice. Since the speed of motion at the blade end is greatest, then its weight will require the greatest effort to reverse direction (it will also slow the boat as the rower is effectively pushing back on the oarlock). The weight of the handle has less effect as its speed is one third of the blade.

For each stroke the oar must be placed into and out of the water. The more balanced the oar is over the oarlock and the lighter it is, the less effort will be required to overcome inertia and weight. Extra weight in the handle helps balance the oar, but increases inertia. A sufficiently light oar will almost balance with the weight of the hand and arm holding it.

It is remarkable how much easier it is to feather a lighter oar, probably because of its lower inertia, and friction at the oarlock. After all, the wrist twisting muscles are much weaker than the major muscles used in rowing.

Utility

Oarlocks made for racing sculls are designed for the utmost efficiency. They have a plastic oar holding body on a stainless pin (the Gaco is modeled on this principal) for low friction. The shaft at the oarlock employs a D-shape fitting to marry to the D-shape of the racing oarlock. This has the important function of holding the oar blade vertical to the water with little effort from the rower. The D-shape also makes for a stronger and stiffer oar. Most recreational oars and oarlocks do not have this feature.

An old catalog from Wilcox Crittendon (pp.76-81 of *Boats, Oars, and Rowing* by R.D. Culler) shows 26 kinds of oarlocks and yet only one, called Victoria pattern, is designed to accommodate a D-shape cross section oar. However, I am old enough to remember hire boats, when most fishing was done from row boats which had bronze D-shape oarlocks on steel posts, and I still have an oar, made in the ‘50s, which has a flat section on the back, a kind of modified D-section.

All is not lost as the Douglas oarlock and the Gaco are designed to accommodate the D-shape oar. The Gaco has a plastic oarholding body that is easy on the oar especially if it is protected at the oarlock with fiberglass (which also improves stiffness and strength).

Oar Design

Racing oars these days are made of round carbon fibre, tapered hollow shafts with a carbon fibre sandwich blade (shaped somewhat like a meat cleaver and angled to parallel in the water on the rowing stroke). They can be ugly, especially at the bolt-in D-section adapter to the oarlock, and the black carbon fibre does not appeal. For reasons of simplicity, availability, cost, and aesthetics, the shaft is best made of timber and the blade of carbon fibre. A carbon fiber blade allows for the efficient complex shape needed. The shaft can be varnished and the blade painted white, thus retaining traditional aesthetics.

Characteristics of Timber

The following facts about wood characteristics are taken into consideration in the design:

Tension strength along the grain is approximately twice compressive strength.

There is a reasonable correlation between density and strength.

Strength across the grain is only about 4% of the strength along to the grain.

Length of Oar

This should be 1.9 times the distance between oarlocks. The inboard part of the oar should be 26% of the oar length.

Cross Section

The following cross sectional shapes have been considered:

Round: For strength this is close to the worst shape. It is thinnest at top and bottom where it needs maximum compressive and tensile strength. In the neutral middle, where very little strength is needed, it is thickest. Good shape for flag poles, but not much else.

Oval: Better than round but confined to a round shape at the oarlock and has similar negative characteristics as round.

Hollow: Difficult to make and inclined to fail. I well remember the hollow Oregon and Spruce spars failing on other skiffs, while us poorer kids with solid Oregon masts and steel (not duralumin) centreboards went on and on, partway down the pack, of course, without any problems.

Isosceles Trapezoid with rounded edges, by a process of deduction and trial and error I have selected this shape for the following reasons:

It allows design to accommodate the difference in tensile and compressive strength. The weaker compression side is wider than the tension side.

There is more width and strength at the top and bottom of the active plane where it is needed.

It facilitates feathering.

The flat section on the wider compressive side behaves like a D-section oar and holds the blade in the correct vertical position with little effort from the rower.

The thickness of the oar in the passive plane can be reduced to cut weight. It is easy to cut with a circular saw with very little waste.

It employs, as a starting blank, the very common 4"x2".

For a given weight, it is stronger and stiffer.

Timbers

Number one clear Douglas fir (called

"Oregon" in Oz) seems readily available in recycled timber yards but elsewhere is rubbish and full of knots. I have also, with a bit of luck, been able to secure a reasonable quantity of western red cedar at the same yard. Not only is this timber often of good quality, it is generally cut to a very generous 4" x 2" so that its dressed size can be 4" x 2". Is it not a wonderful thing to save forests by using timber, that has possibly served structurally for perhaps 50 years, and turn it into something beautiful and functional?

I purchased Sitka Spruce, rare in Australia, which had been imported to renovate a Tiger Moth. Surian, a type of cedar, was available at a local exotic timber yard.

Some guide to their use is given below. The figure in brackets is the density relative to water. Bear in mind that these are only timbers I have used and there must be numerous others. It is reasonably easy to research timber properties on the internet these days, if in doubt.

Oregon (0.55 but varies): Cheapest and most readily available but must be carefully selected to avoid knots. A bit on the heavy side but made reasonable in weight by keeping the passive side slender. I might add that a slender passive side makes the pair of oars wonderfully easy to carry with one hand. Planing and routing must be done with the grain to avoid slivers of timber shattering off (the rotary action of a power plane tends to minimize this problem). The grain looks attractive when varnished.

Sitka Spruce (0.45): Most expensive and difficult to acquire. It is light and easy to work. Finishes to a beautiful cream colour when varnished.

Surian (0.41): Reasonably expensive but fairly available. It is light and easy to work but soft. Finishes to a beautiful red colour.

Western Red Cedar (0.35): Lightest, must work with the grain to avoid splintering. It is quite pretty with a nice grain when varnished.

This is my timber of choice for the shaft as it is available, very light and modestly priced.

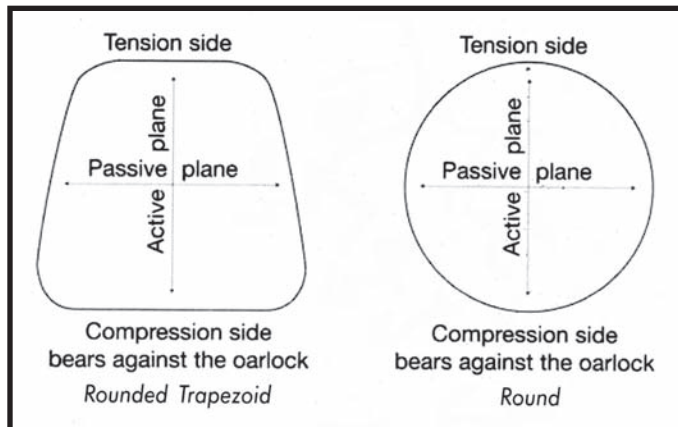
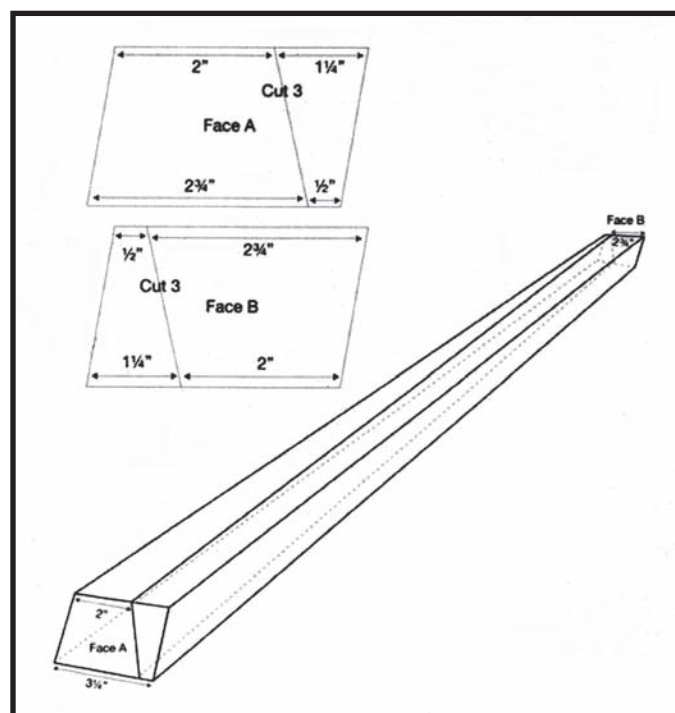
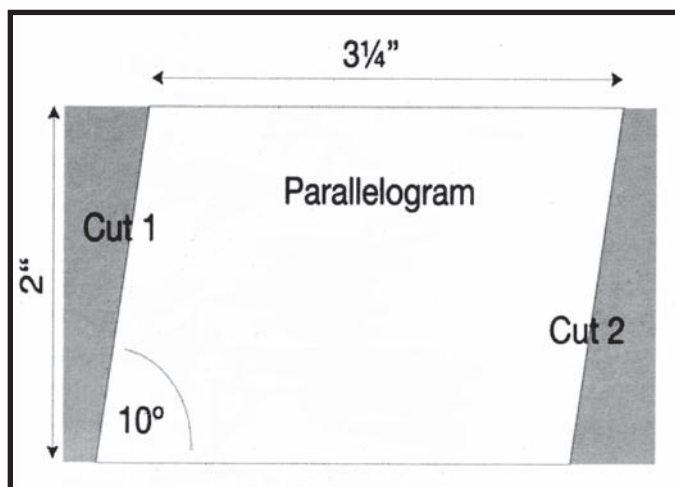
Making the Shaft from 4"x2" Timber

The passive plane of the shaft must be tapered towards the blade to take into account the diminishing stress, which is at a maximum at the oarlock. The dimensions for cutting take this into account as well as allowing for width of cut and planing. The cutting can be achieved with three passes of a handheld circular saw.

The 4"x2" is first cut to a length 1' (30cm) less than the overall length of the oar. The remaining foot will be made up by the blade.

The circular saw blade is set to an angle of 10° and the timber is cut down each side (aided by the saw guide) to a parallelogram shape whose major dimension is 3 1/4" (80mm). Leave the saw set to the same angle for the third cut. The diagram shows the first two cuts to form the parallelogram from the 4"x2" length of timber.

Carefully mark the longitudinal cut by stretching masking tape along the timber. Use the dimensions shown in the diagram. This cut is easier to make with a handheld circular saw than a table saw. Note: For long oars it is



possible to increase the dimension by cutting a larger parallelogram and altering the dimensions somewhat. However, the dimensions given are more than adequate for oars up to 8' long. Note Well, make absolutely sure that the blade is at an opposite angle to the angle of the parallel sides for this cut.

Plane the resulting blanks to equal size and weight. After checking stiffness you may elect to trim the passive side to suit yourself. The only stipulation is they must be able to rotate in the oarlock and of course not be too flexible or weak.




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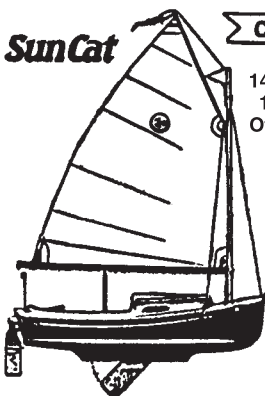


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Taper the front of the shaft from 8" (20cm) from the tip to zero where it is going to attach to the blade.

Rounding the Shafts: The back side of the shaft should be rounded to a radius of approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ " (19mm) near the oarlock area. Make sure a flat area remains to marry the oarlock. Diminish the radius going further down the shaft. A $\frac{1}{2}$ " radius is adequate on the front. This shaping can be done by combination of plane and sanding. Make sure the rounding allows the oar to rotate in the oarlock with about $\frac{1}{8}$ " to spare. Do not round the last 8" (20cm) of the back of the shaft where the blade is to be attached.

The handle can be cut with a hand saw or careful application of circular and hand saw. Finish off with sanding disk and hand sanding. It is best made 5" (150mm) long, $1\frac{1}{8}$ " (28mm) where it meets the shaft and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " (37mm) at the end of the oar. Reduce the dimensions for smaller hands.

Apply a layer of fibreglass around the oarlock area for the Gaco and attach $\frac{3}{4}$ " wedges front and back as an oar stop.

The Blade: Can be home made or bought (Gaco is one source). It is best attached to the back of the shaft with one screw and epoxy bog. Now, knock the blade into alignment and allow the glue to set.

Fill in around the shaft attachment with epoxy and microballoons and fibreglass over this.

Finish by filling, sanding, and painting. Ordinary enamels and undercoats are adequate, two-part polyurethane is better.

My short career as a paint chemist indicated that epoxy should not be used as a varnish because of its poor UV resistance. Ignorant of this, some of the locals have been successfully priming with epoxy. I have followed suit, thinning a little with acetone if necessary, it seems to stiffen and harden the oar. I have to presume that the subsequent coats of varnish with their included UV inhibitors have obviated the problem of solar degradation.

Final Tweaking: The Gaco oarlock can be matched to the oar using a round-backed rasp. Merely sharpen the internal radius in the plastic oar holding body to fit any discrepancy. Rub candlewax onto the oar where it meets the oarlock to facilitate feathering. Also make sure the oarlock sockets are high enough so that the blade is at the surface when you are pulling the oar at chest level.

An appreciation of the finer points of rowing, combined with refined equipment, yields a satisfying and healthy experience. The rowing stroke can be savoured unimpeded by clumsy and inefficient gear, thus encouraging a more constant use of an exercise yielding healthy mind and body. We might call it "Zen and the Art of Rowboating."

Addendum: I have had a strange request from a fellow wanting oarlocks with longer pins. He uses the oarlocks on some kind of punt which he takes down the Snowy River. I was a bit surprised that they would stand up to the knocking about in the rapids, but he assured me they work fine. The long pins, which I have made, are so that the oarlock will pop up in, but not out of, the sockets when an oar hits a rock.

Well, he ordered six 11' oars as well. I acquired the appropriate length of Oregon from the recycled timber yard costing only about \$10 to make a pair. I made the dimensions of the parallelogram (cuts one and two) a little larger, and adjusted cut three accord-

ingly. I found the width the timber about $\frac{1}{2}$ " short in the active plane at the oarlock.

Consequently I bought some $1\frac{1}{4}$ "x $\frac{1}{2}$ " moulding and glued this onto the shaft for about 1' either side of where the oarlock bears. Not essential, but will give a smoother row. For these oars I could have set the angle of the saw blade for the cuts to 12°, but the plane can handle any extra work. I might add that the power plane seems wonderfully indifferent to the angle of the grain.



Epilog

In the "Sailing Oar" I indicated that I would be doing more work on the blade shape. I mentioned in that article a theory (one arm of a centrifugal pump proposed by Colin Putt) that sounded a bit crazy, but further work seems to indicate that it may be valid. I have built a blade that curves through 65 (Mark-65) and it seems to be more efficient than the Mark-45. I intend to do further work on it to see if it balances well enough and enters and leaves the water cleanly. I have written an article about it but am withholding it till I do further tests including racing it in the Dangar Dory Derby Day(video of this on my website, www.gacooarlocks.com) on Easter Sunday. It could be quite a breakthrough.

I have spoken to Croker Oars about it but speed of entry and exit and high rates, favouring a flattish shape, seem to be the obsession of the racing fraternity. I was most interested to find that their blades were almost twice as heavy as mine, which get their strength from their curvature.

(About the Author: John Murray invented and manufactures the Gaco Oarlock: www.gacooarlocks.com. He comes from down under and has been rowing for longer than he cares to admit. He has built his own trimaran and sailed it around the world. He spent a year of his time sailing up and down the US east coast where he enjoyed the kindness, courtesy, and eccentricities of the American people. He has worked as an industrial chemist, science teacher, boat charterer and in the copper mines at Bougainville).

Epoxy Coating in Winter (Florida Style)

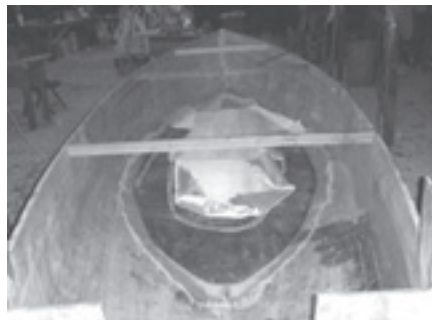
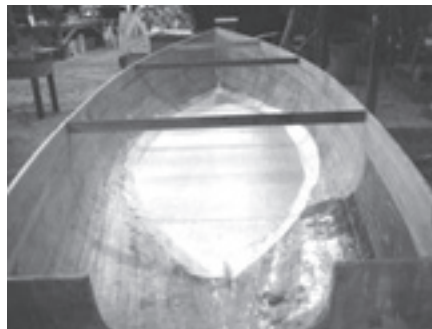
By Dave Lucas
Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club
(Cortez, Florida)

I have had a major screw up and thought I'd pass it along, it may help prevent some of you from doing the same. I know you all think I know everything, or is it just me, but I have been known to have a lapse in judgement. Lesson learned, never, ever epoxy cloth when the temp is under 65°!!

Add me to the list of Florida dumb asses. I tried to glass the floor of my launch on a November evening. I went out at about 7pm, rolled out a beautiful stretch of 9oz cloth, 5'x18'. All I needed to do was pour the epoxy on it and roll it out with a long handled roller, no sweat. I was all dressed up warm and there was no wind so I didn't think about the temp. I mixed up about a gallon and poured it on about half the area. I noticed that it seemed extra thick when I was stirring it, so I just stirred faster.

I dumped it in and nothing happened. It was like pouring honey on cloth. It didn't soak in or spread or nothing. When I put the roller in it, it just stuck to the roller and pulled the cloth up. I looked up at the thermometer and it was 50° and I was screwed. I spent the next three hours with a heat gun trying to at least get the edge down. Got the razor and cut most of the sticky mess out and threw it away and heated up what was left to get it flat. Helen came out at 11pm to see if I was dead and found me hanging over into the boat with a heat gun in one hand and the roller in the other and my back killing me. She took over the heat gun while we finished smoothing the edge down. Talk about dumb!

The first picture shows the bare floor. Looks just like a quarter ton racer from the '70s, doesn't it? Roger Allen knows how to design a beautiful hull. The second is the nice new cloth all smoothed out. The last is the horror story. The white area shows the part that was ripped out. This is the new stuff going back in. You can see the dark area around the edge that I saved at the cost of my back and future nightmares.



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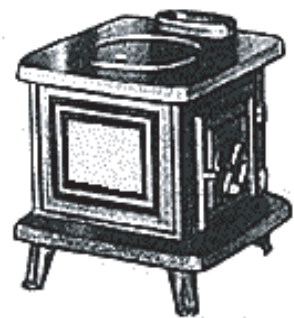


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I had come to the point of actually trying out the idea of putting a twin-sail rig on a planing (trainer windsurfer) hull. The setup looked weird enough to attract onlookers and distraction, so I decided to try it on a weekday at Shoreline Lake when it's a little quieter. The audience was only the geese and kids learning to windsurf. The kids were great, although it was a little hard to predict where they were sailing next, or not. The geese were orderly and polite, but all too predictable in their decoration of the lawn area with their infamous waste products. As I unloaded the hull onto the grass and leaned under it to center the dolly wheels, I put my knee in some goose artistry and became a work in progress for the rest of the day, adding additional abstract touches to my shirt, my truck side, and various sailing accessories. The geese apparently liked being involved creatively in my experiment, and seemed glad they had spotted me. (Sorry, I couldn't resist that).

First Experiment on Windsurfer Hull

The wind was just right for this outing, starting at about 7kts at 11am and moving fairly evenly up to about 12-13kts by late afternoon. I started out just trying to get used to the behind-the-back tiller steering and keeping the boat upright. The seating position was very uncomfortable, sitting down on the plywood with no padding, no elevation of hips over feet, and no seat back to brace with. I knew it was going to be a bit of a struggle but figured it was good to start with something simple. The sails were already familiar to me, being the larger (at about 19sf) homemade rectangular set I had for my kayak.

On the good news side, the hull felt more stable than my Hobie kayak hull, it jibed OK, the clear packaging tape held the seat on with no problem at all (!), and by rough calculation I was at least as fast as the kayak hull on a broad reach (4.8kts or so) in light wind. On the bad news side, it didn't sail as close to the wind as I wanted, I managed to capsize

Evolution of a Twin-Sail Rig

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net
(San Francisco Bay, California)

Picking My Seat



three times and found that it could turn turtle, and my enthusiasm in sailing it for four hours with an inadequate seat design rendered my groin and hip joint muscles a total wreck. I could see clearly that the tiller, seat, and sails needed major improvement.

So I returned home, recorded some notes in my notebook, and resolved to make some big changes, mostly to the seat. And here I need to divulge one of the most important laws of the known universe: Murphy's Law of Boat Design which states that no matter what design improvement you make to a boat, it will add weight. Yes, even if you think you are simplifying things, when you get it all done, and all the details and hardware are accounted for, you will have made it heavier. It's sometimes helpful to think of the universe as having a rather twisted sense of humor about this.

The seat was my first priority because for a week after sailing I was walking bent over, not sleeping much, carrying Advil in

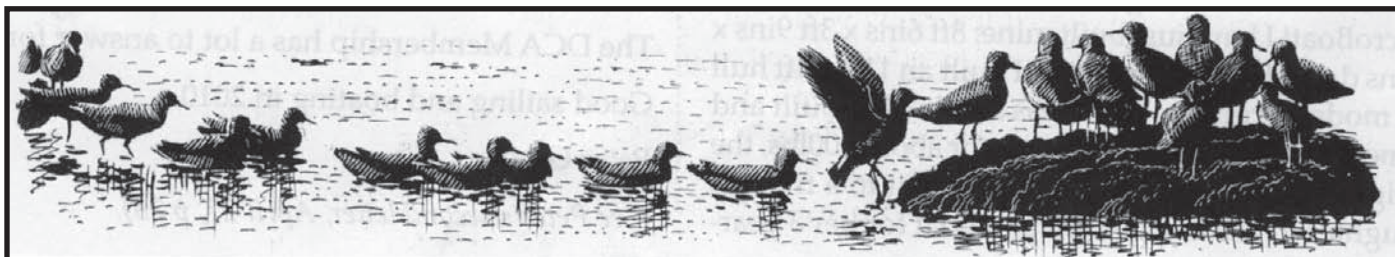
my pants pocket, and lifting my leg from the gas pedal to the brake with my hand when driving. On a scale of one to ten, ten being sailing a small boat around the world through the Southern Ocean, this was certainly not big suffering, but it had me focused on improvement. I decided to mount a couple of Hobie kayak seats, one on each side of centerline to give me some back support, and to put a piece of 2" Ethafoam underneath them to elevate my hips above my feet a little. I added a couple of vertical aluminum braces that the seat mount straps could fasten into.

For the tiller, I decided to go to two rods, one on each side of the seat, like some sailing canoes have. To do this, I needed a T-shaped top on the rudder and found something I could modify in my spare materials. For the rods, I used 3/4"x.049 wall aluminum tubing with machined stainless steel pivots and plastic ball knobs in the ends. I mounted a couple of short lengths of PVC pipe on each side of the seat assembly to act as guides for the rods. Now I didn't have to reach behind me to steer, but my natural reactions were, of course, all backwards for the new rod setup.

For the sails, I cut the mast mounting tube down some and lowered them to get the center of effort down a bit closer to the deck. I added a small sheet metal bracket that connected the seat to two screws at the daggerboard slot to help the tape hold it if I pushed back too hard. The indexing latch bar had been a suspect in my three crashes, since I had trouble getting a hand free to release it during a tack, so I converted it to a simple foot pedal at the base of the mount.

Now I had an improved (yes, heavier) design on several counts, a clear reading from my first outing that the basic combination of twinsail rig on a windsurfer hull had fun possibilities, and all I needed was a little cockpit time without too many out-of-control windsurfing students to retrain my hand-eye-brain connections with the new hardware.

(To Be Continued)





New Access for the Disabled

By Don Backe

CRAB has, for two decades, brought sailing opportunities to many for whom being on a sailboat was only a distant dream. Now our dream is bigger, and your support is needed to make it a reality. I have long wanted CRAB to also serve those with disabilities who want to fish, not only sail. The generosity of David and Rosemary Bowes of Keedysville, Maryland, is making that possible. The Bowes have donated a 31' workboat, built in Maine and finished on Maryland's Eastern Shore. The vessel, named *Doctor Rosemary*, is modeled after a traditional lobster boat but with a fiberglass hull. It has recently been repowered with a 220hp Cummins Diesel which sips a mere one gallon of fuel an hour at ten knots. The *Doctor Rosemary* is in top shape, and all CRAB has to do is make her accessible to fishermen/women with disabilities.

This upcoming spring we will use a new dock-mounted lifting davit to assist persons with disabilities to board *Doctor Rosemary*. The lift was given to CRAB for this specific purpose by the Weinberg Foundation through CRAB's membership in Disabled Sports/USA. Later we'll mount a similar davit lift on *Doctor Rosemary* so our fisher folk can board at any floating dock on the Bay. Lastly, we'll modify the transom to allow heavy electric wheelchairs to roll on from a floating dock. I've sketched these three boarding methods. I am thrilled with this new possibility because each improved means of access increases the number of persons with disabilities who can enjoy being on the Chesapeake Bay whatever their choice of sport.

Contact CRAB at PO Box 6564, Annapolis, MD 21401; (410) 626-0273; donbacke@aol.com; or visit website at Crabsailing.com



Initial method of boarding wheelchairs for fishing. This lift already exists at CRAB's Sandy Point Dock.



Later: A lift will be fabricated to be mounted on the *Doctor Rosemary* so that wheelchair anglers can be picked up and dropped off at any accessible floating dock.

Later stage: Drop-down tailgate to be fabricated in stern of *Doctor Rosemary* to allow heavy electric wheelchairs to board with client remaining safely in chair and make it possible for on and off loading at any floating (or low) dock elsewhere.



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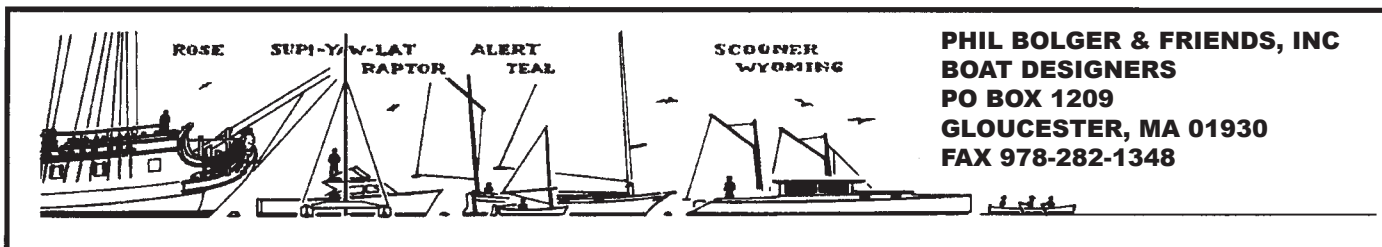
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Late in February of 2010 I was contacted about whether I'd be interested in speaking in mid November 2010 in Seattle at what would be the first global conference on "Energy Use in Fisheries." As patient *MAIB* readers of, so far, 13 chapters on our related efforts would expect, I sure would want to contribute our perspective in a forum of such caliber (see www.energyfish.nmfs.noaa.gov for agenda, speakers, abstracts, and presentations in pdf).

NOAA, the United Nations, and the World Bank co-sponsored the four-day event at which just about every aspect of the economics and sustainability of the commercial fishing industry was discussed by specialists from 18 countries, South Korea, Japan, Thailand, Australia, India, Nigeria, Europe, and North America. Among those invited to give a presentation, I was one of the few not affiliated with a university, institute, environmental group, or regulatory agency. In fact, next to folks from the University of NH/Durham and MIT, plus an analyst from Woods Hole Institute, I was the only "private" invitee from the Northeast, quite a "belly rub."

Perspectives were offered on the relative energy intensity of a broad spectrum of fishing/industrial processes; from that of the fish feed in aquaculture, over fuel intensity of fishing methods, the legacy of fuel intensive boat design, to the damage of resource, fleets, and ports by unbalanced regulatory dictates based on outdated assumptions such as cheap fuel. Repeatedly emphasized in Seattle was the destructive impact of such failures on the jobs and tax base of fishing communities.

Phil and I, and now I alone, have found plenty to say on the matter. For Seattle, speaking "On the Ecology of Designing Sustainable Fishing Craft" became a big PowerPoint presentation to first establish our background as designers, then document our efforts since 2002, and finally draw (preliminary) conclusions as to why we are where we are; i.e., by late 2010 still no R&D into fishing craft fit for \$5/gal. (Contact me at philbolger@comcast.net for a pdf copy.)

Seattle went as well as I could have hoped for. In the past I often found myself with bad nerves about public speaking with all the embarrassing indications of it. Not this time. No uncertainty about my message after all, which helps. Phil would have been gratified, not to mention that with this event his name and work got elevated to this level of relative repute. He might care less about that, except to leverage it into projects that will show the thinking in 3-D and with hard numbers.

Beyond personal gratification, to have had the opportunity to add Phil's and my perspective across various discussions during those days, it was actually important to have been there just raising this issue unambiguously. Studying this Conference's schedule, one noticed that it did give vessel design fairly short shrift while focusing much more time on fishing gear, a remarkable imbalance

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

This is a two-for-one installment: *Messing About in Fisheries*, Chapter 14; *Messing About in Boat Yards*, Chapter 1. The fall of 2010 has been a productive one with a lot of work and energy poured into completing milestones of two parallel project tracks that Phil and I had invested so much energy in throughout much of our togetherness. Mind you, this has been a schedule I would not have picked myself, as concentrating solely on design and working on the Archive would have been the obvious choice. On the other hand, these two major opportunities emerged that had to be addressed appropriately as a logical consequence of prior efforts. And both have serious bearing on boat design and construction!

Messing About in Fisheries Chapter 14

Phil Bolger & Friends Invited to Speak at
NOAA's International Conference on
"Energy Use in Fisheries"

indeed. I think that it was very important to have been there to point out that vessels and fish are at the core of this industry, with gear actually second, regulation third, etc.

Some called my talk "provocative", likely based on the questionable underlying assumption that "things are fine" and / or "we know what we are doing". Here are several highlights:

I was the only scheduled contributor emphasizing the explicit importance of vessel design in any discussion on sustainable fisheries. I mentioned the "Tripod of Sustainability" whenever plausible. To recollect what Phil and I have known for years now:

Any ecosystem-based fisheries management approach only works if it consists of three elements to form a stable "Tripod of Commercial Fishing Industry Sustainability:"

1. Sustainable Resource Management, a quest long shouldered by science and industry.
2. Sustainable Fleet Structure and Operations, actually hampered by regulation.
3. Sustainable Port Infrastructure, vital, but typically not respected in draftin regulations.

Apart from the US fleets, the length equals size syndrome is also in full pathological bloom in at least certain elements of the fleets of Canada, Ireland, the UK, the

Netherlands, Germany, etc, with EU-regs and studies presented quoting length as a sound category for classification with subsequent/reflexive association of relative degrees of seaworthiness; i.e., classification by length into inshore vs offshore permits.

Fisheries economists invited to offer 45-minute morning lectures seemed innocent of the regulatorily distorted technical and thus economic state of many fleets; i.e., not fit for \$5/gal or national equivalent.

A most serious West Coast engineer agreed in public that displacement was the only plausible size of a vessel vs tonnage or length, just after a US government statistician had referred to volume-tonnage as a solid foundation for the study of fleet characteristics and economics.

Commercial fishing's relative relevance to global warming discussions is minimal, quoted at between .7 to 1.1% of global fuel burn and thus combustion emissions.

In the final two-and-a-half hour session on "what we've learned" and "where do we go from here," I received repeated applause (an odd experience for an odd bird like me, usually so ineffective in public speaking) when I stated that focus on length had produced fleets in North America and much of northwestern Europe that were grotesque in their proportions, expensive to build and operate, and likely unfit to work at \$5/gal or equivalent, typically based on indefensible technical regulatory assumptions.

Likening this usage of length as a measure of a vessel's size to that of divining human intelligence based on skin color or skull shape, I used the term "technobigotry", dismissing that length equals size regulatory reflex as embarrassingly stupid for any advanced industrialized society, with a most serious Dutch fisherman leading the applause who had reported on his own efforts trying to match fuel cost from 3:1 hull proportions. High-carbon regs must be assessed and purged if at all possible as a matter of industry economic survival.

I emphasized the need to "smart-size" many vessels to find the sweet spot between sustainable resource availability, operating costs, seaworthiness, primary target species.

In my last presentation slide, I reiterated the astounding reality that the (absent) Conference Host, NOAA Chief Undersecretary Jane Lubchenco, now finds herself presiding over a high carbon fleet, and still shows no resonance with the notion of R&D into more appropriate hull and drive-train geometries.

Making contacts was very satisfying, particularly with serious folks who came up at the end of the conference to exchange business cards to deepen the exchange of ideas. Now, how to make the most of these opportunities...

Question is, will PB&F be invited again? Perhaps, when there are a few progressively larger hulls working successfully. Now oil is around \$90/barrel. When Phil and I started raising the issue, oil was in the low \$20s.

Messing About in Boat Yards

Chapter 1

Phil Bolger & Friends Offer a Proposal
to Use a Prime Piece of Real Estate on
Gloucester's Inner Harbor

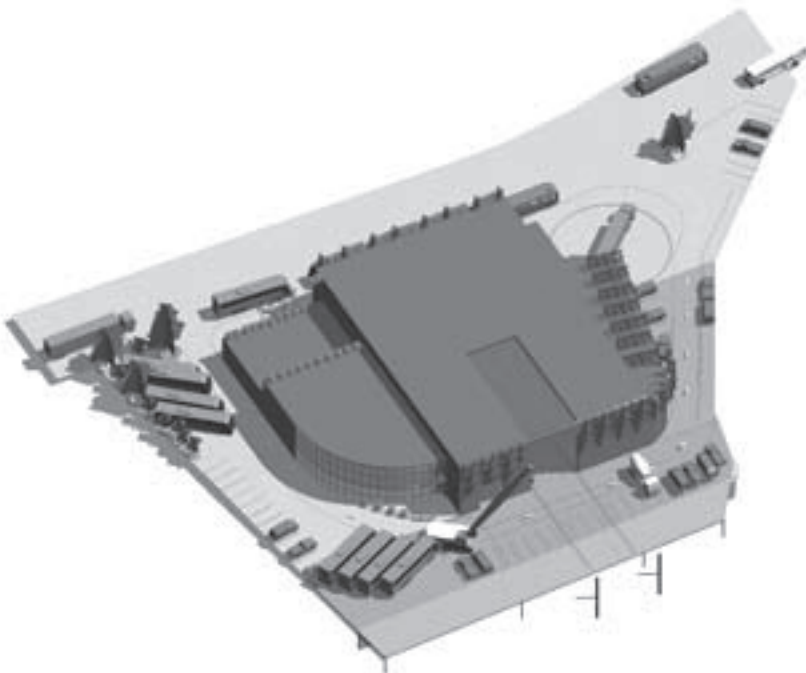
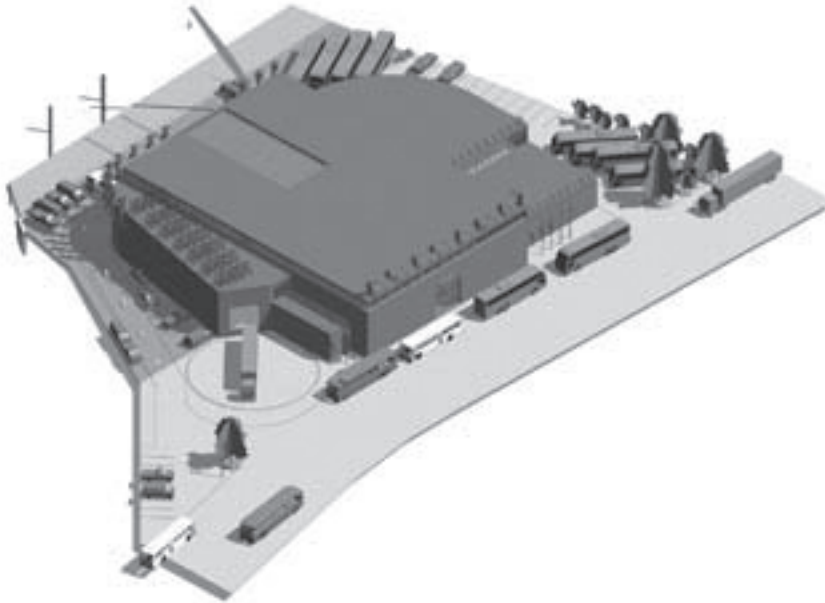
Due to a legal stalemate since just after urban renewal decades ago, Gloucester (Massachusetts) has been looking at an empty weed grown lot right in downtown on the Inner Harbor for decades. Over the last year the city, with massive state assistance, made the (Boston) owner an offer he would not refuse. Upon that acquisition, the city asked the community for input on how to best use that 1.81 acre lot in that prime location; it lies within the legal protection of the state's "Designated Port Area," a 30+ year old set of regulations Gloucester signed on to, designed to protect the last working waterfronts left in the Commonwealth.

For decades now it has been de facto impossible to get any sizable hulls built in Gloucester under 12-month/year shelter/climate control. We had to send many clients elsewhere. And any waterborne commerce in Gloucester is exclusively based on hulls built not here, a perpetual hemorrhaging of money, jobs, and tax-base.

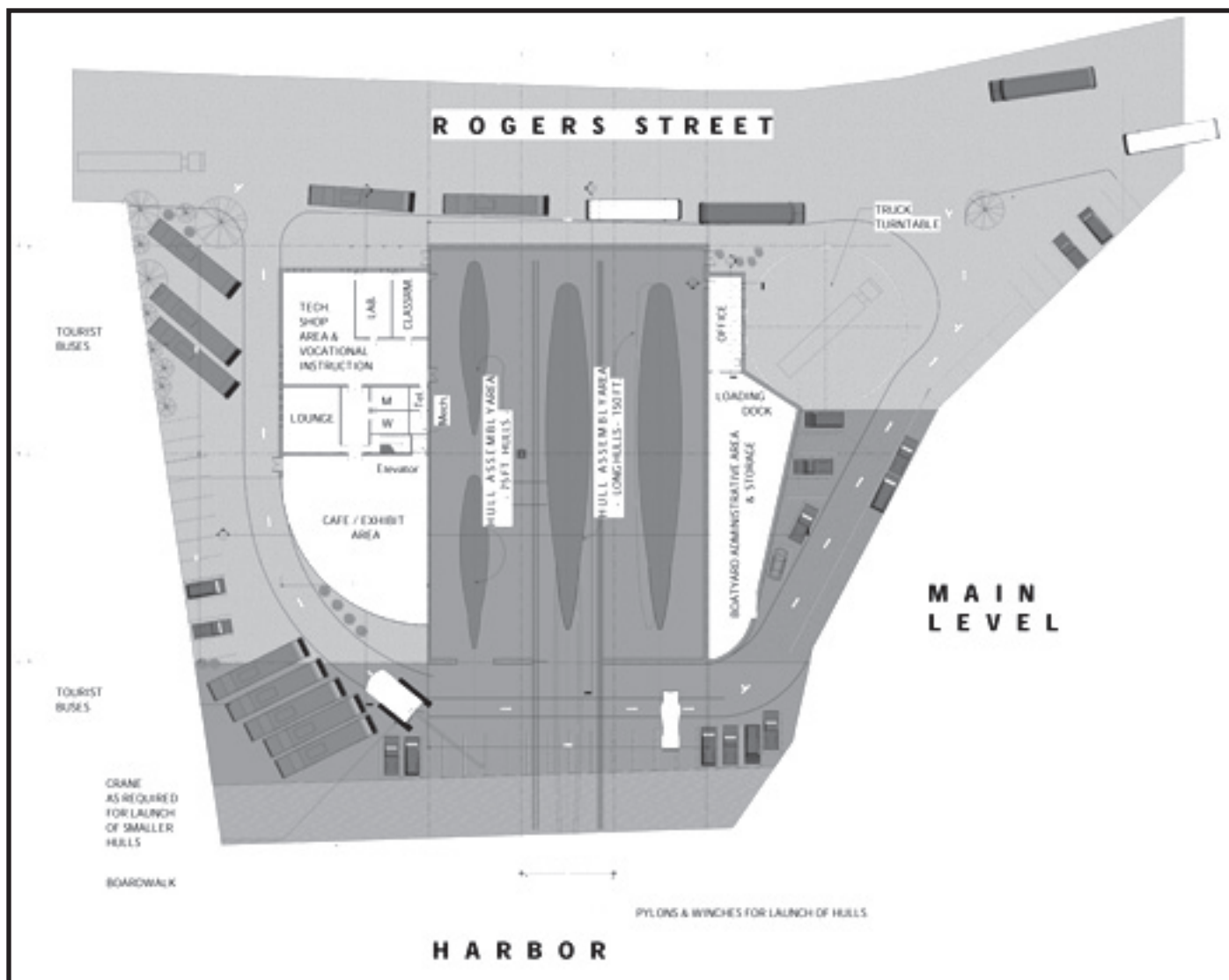
I do have Phil on video on that property discussing its relevance to a restructuring of Gloucester's port economy through the re-emergence of boat building, particularly advanced types fit for the age of \$5/gal, the topic of 13 chapters of this column in *MAIB* so far. And we had drawn sketches on using it within various easements/legal restrictions and the site's particulars and its overall relevance to downtown of Gloucester.

Here is a copy of the public lot plan, with Rogers Street on top running east-west and the seawall that straight line two-thirds down, with water rights extending into the Inner Harbor beyond it.

The city offered a modest stipend for "schematics" to be submitted for public review and 21 projects emerged. Working with a local architect, that money was put to use to subsidize at least a part of his effort to put our ideas into his computer and through preliminary structural analysis. Here are excerpts from a 19-page presentation and a handout such as this Cover Page:



ROGERS STREET ELEVATION



Centrally located in America's oldest seaport, we propose Lot I4-C2 to serve as incubator and then Center of Advanced Least Carbon Boat Building, leveraging federal R&D funding to build prototypes fit for \$5/gal fuel cost, growing a year round workforce employed at middle class income levels whose products attract local and regional clients in need of high efficiency hulls for a range of commercial, institutional, governmental, and private uses, spawning multiple spinoff ventures, competing with operations along the Inner Harbor and the river, attracting more professionals to this industry here, eventually making Gloucester a "go to" commercial destination to exchange five to seven digit payments for such advanced craft, with much of each contract (labor and services) to circulate through this economy multiplying each dollar, and watching boat building, a unique working port tourism destination, steeped in history.

Since high efficiency hulls will be long for their weight, I4-C2's size and location right on the Inner Harbor is vital to be able to launch hulls of up to 150' lean in length, with construction and launchings in full public view from the Harbor Walk. With an open floor plan of near 180'x120' the structure could serve multiple other functions, should nobody ever want sustainable craft.

As discussed in a recent *MAIB* issue under Chapter 13 of the "Fisheries..." narrative, the historic precedent of using the long and lean US Navy ex-submarine chasers (110'x15'8") for side trawling well into the 1970s is not just a technically intriguing footnote but also a powerful political argument. Here is how it is referred to:

Building Advanced Fleets and Thus Our Port's Jobs and Tax Base

"The Case for Gloucester's I4-C2 Boatyard"

Specializing Exclusively in the New Construction of Green Low Carbon Commercial and Pleasure Craft

By Susanne Altenburger
Phil Bolger & Friends Inc
Boat Designers, Gloucester; and
Michael David Rubin
Architect & Planner
CSI/LEED-AP, Gloucester
Based on a Concept by
the late Phil Bolger (1927-2009)
Designer of Boats '52-'09

ative, the historic precedent of using the long and lean US Navy ex-submarine chasers (110'x15'8") for side trawling well into the 1970s is not just a technically intriguing footnote but also a powerful political argument. Here is how it is referred to:

"In pursuit of a 50% reduction in fuel burn, drawing on that 7:1 experience but integrating modern hull materials for safer structures, modern crew ergonomic considerations, advanced propulsion systems including windpower, where would we build such hulls here in Gloucester?

To construct advanced vessel types for fishing, tourism, research, or pleasure requires a sizable climate controlled building for year round boat building right on the harbor. There is no such facility available in Gloucester!

Well-established maintenance and repair yards at Rose Marine and Rocky Neck Marine Railways have routines that do not include new vessel construction, nor would there be space for such boat building. Montgomery's storage and repair yard on the Annisquam only sporadically builds new skiffs or the rare smaller yachts. It has no climate controlled facilities to build mid size and larger hulls. Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center could use its railway for perhaps a 70' hull but as yet has no shed."

"A Hard Reality: For comparable capacity a conventional 90' fishing type translates into 150' lean length, a 70' whale watcher into 110'.

I4-C2's footprint allows a main building with three hull assembly bays, #1 and #2 for craft up to 150' each in lean length and #3 for half length types. Since the lon-

gest hulls have to be transferable sideways during assembly, the building structure must support a 180'x80' clear roof span via deep trusses with the center bay reserved for painting, outfitting.

East of the main building are two levels for forklift operated parts and construction supplies storage, plus staff and administration spaces. Integrated into the SE corner are public restrooms and showers for boaters.

Semi-trucks delivering hardware and materials drive nose first onto a turntable for tail-to-dock rotation.

To the west are several subassembly workshops on shop floor level. Strictly separated from the work areas are a foyer with retail options to receive coach passengers, offering a bus driver lounge and restrooms.

Stairs and elevator up to the mezzanine invite visitors/tourists to observe the hull(s) construction on the shop floor through large glass panels facing inwards and to spectacular views outwards over the working harbor. One story higher, stair and elevator open access to the rooftop botanical garden.

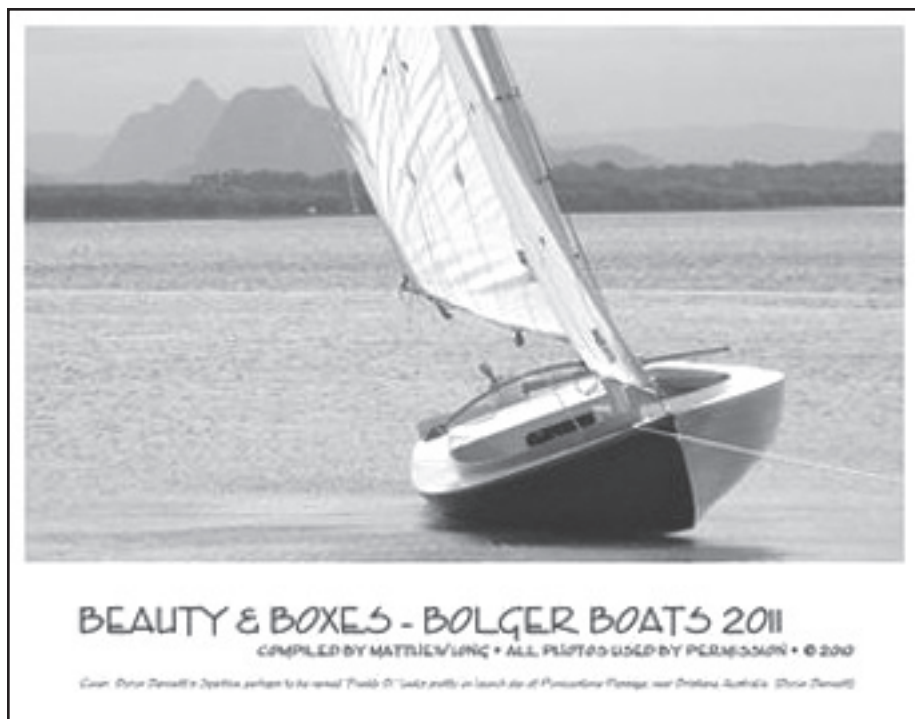
Hull launching begins via a 60'+ launching car under the hull, with both traveling under wire winch power on flush rails out the main door onto a tilting ramp. That ramp is supported via two winch-towers on pilings 30' out (four such units are at Rose Marine) to lower/tilt the outer ramp end for a slow descent of the hull via rollers on the car into high tide waters. A rolling hatch opening 30+% of the center bay roof keeps the hulls from hitting the roof from below as they tilt on the ramp for launching.

How far this will go remains to be seen but it is the only such proposal focusing explicitly on 12-month-a-year jobs creation and thus tax base on that site and capability of yard staff living around the community where they pay their property taxes.

Other proposals seem to hope for perpetual research dollars for respective (tax-free) institutes, or retail businesses in violation of state regs in the DPA, and (ironically/tragically) visions of, for instance, a "Fishing Memorial Park" with concert stages and art galleries rather than a place to secure viability of the fishing fleet.

For more, look at the city's website <http://gloucester-ma.gov> and then for "I4-C2" under the Community-Development tab

(Next Issue: Back to Boat Design)



2011 Bolger Calendar

By Matthew William Long
(Rabat, Morocco)

With my thanks to all of the builders, owners, and photographers who provided the photos, I am happy to announce that the calendar, *Beauty & Boxes: Bolger Boats 2011*, is now available at the link at the end of this report. Enjoy the eclectic beauty of boats designed by the late Philip C. Bolger all year long in 2011.

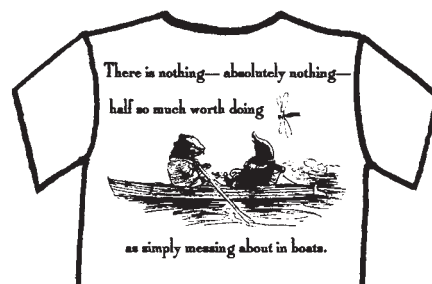
The calendar origins are simple. I went to turn the page to October on my *Wooden Boat* calendar, thought to myself, "Time to order a new calendar," and then, "Wouldn't it be nice to have a calendar of Bolger boats instead?" Since none seemed to exist, I put out a call for photos on the various boat building and boat design groups of which I am a member. Between a busy work sched-

ule and family life with a wife and three kids, it's taken me this long to get it finalized.

This is a non-profit project for me, I get no revenue and no one was paid for their photos, only the online publishing service makes any money, which is how the cost was kept down to \$12.49 + shipping. Calendars are shipped in three to five business days.

It has been just something fun for me to do to learn about online publishing and to share with the community of Bolger fans.

I have been a *MAIB* subscriber for a number of years and I am very glad to see that you are still featuring PCB's work. <<http://www.lulu.com/product/calendar/bolger-boats-2011/13846474>>



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Articles on sundry nautical subjects appear by the boatload in the various magazines and newsletters that we all receive and patiently read immediately upon arrival; however, evidence shows a paucity of boat and dog related. See a flotilla of boats and see a yelping pack of canines. Man, beast, and boat seem to be the universal requirement for happiness around water. Those of us who look for women and beer as the source of all things good are sadly mistaken.

Canines have always been the subjects of keen interest partially because they seem so loyal and fun, but also because there are many varieties of them. Movies run the gamut from the Cairn terrier of *Wizard of Oz* to the Collie brilliance of *Lassie* to German Shepherd *Rin Tin Tin*. No one can forget Frank, the pug who leads the *Men in Black*. Unfortunately, the movies of boats and boaters seem to have porpoises, behemoth whales, or cartoon fish but we don't see curs and cruising a silver screen match. Marinas, on the other hand, are home to a plethora of pooches.

A number of *Animal Planet* or *National Geographic* TV shows have featured our beloved mutts noting that: a) dogs are but a recent descendents of wolves; b) have understood that a close mutual relationship with homo sapiens is a good thing; c) they come in more varieties than all us *MAIB* readers can count on our fingers and toes. Together we share food and love in exchange for protection and affection. This seems to be a better deal than many marriages.

One reason for the incredible variety of breeds is that canines possess a "slippery" gene that allows significant changes in the appearance of the dog within a generation or two. One research project started with a wild wolf and raised it in the lab. Within a single generation the wolf offspring were more approachable, had less smelling capabilities, were smaller, less easily startled, and had a smoother coat. Within a couple of generations the subjects were far more akin to shepherds than to wolves. Think about it, within about 12,000 years wolves became pugs, Pekinese, Newfoundlands, Cardigan Welsh Corgi, Chihuahuas, mastiffs, etc. Modern dogs range from the very large to the incredibly small, from weird hair to hairless, from lap dogs to scent dogs. Pooches come in almost two hundred recognized varieties to say naught of the mutts or designer dogs.

With all the hoopla of the Westminster Dog Show and the Animal Planet, time has come to look at some boating type dogs. Many breeds are excellent water/boating types, but many breeds are definitely not sailors. Admittedly a dog of a certain type will be an excellent boater in spite of the evidence to

Boat Dogs

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

the contrary, and others will be deathly afraid of water despite being a water oriented breed. It is about the same with people.

Many of the sporting dog division are excellent around water. Spaniels, retrievers, Newfoundlands, poodles, Portuguese Water Dogs, and Schipperkes are well known for their love of water. Put a Black Lab near water and you can play fetch for a day without a respite. The Newfoundland was an accidental water dog supposedly evolved from various dogs that swam ashore from shipwrecks. Clearly mastiff, St Bernard, and other large dogs were among its ancestors. Newfies are natural water retrievers who will by nature swim out to a person in trouble on the water.

But most canines are land dogs and prefer solid ground underfoot. Shepherd and terrier hunters are woodsy animals. Pugs, small terriers, hairy Asian dogs like the Pekinese and Shih Tzu tend to be very happy curled up in a person's lap in front of the fireplace.

If a boating person were to look for a dog, one should consider each breed's characteristics as it pertains to their domicile, recreation habits, and children or grandchildren. In spite of many arguments to the contrary, specific breeds are very owner oriented and can be difficult around visitors, especially children. The guard type dogs and pit bulls are not good around people other than their owners. Again, some of them are excellent around children or strangers but the exceptions are very rare. A quick trip to the animal shelters in your community will show that the numerous pit bull or pit bull types are there because people thought it was cool to own them but discovered they were unable to handle them.

Lap dogs, by and large (a nautical term in itself), tend to be less than happy on boats unless it is a large boat like a houseboat or pontoon boat. Pugs do not jump for joy at the thought of being on the water and most of their smaller buddies are similar. For one thing, many of the smaller breeds are flat-faced which creates a breathing problem for them. They do not handle heat (or cold) particularly well because they cannot cool off fast enough and they become stressed. Worse, these little tidbits and fur balls are so darn loyal that they will not complain until they are in serious trouble.

Many water dogs are great retrievers but that, too, comes with a cost. Several varieties have waterproof coats that are oily. This

means that they will leave dirty spots on furniture, rugs, and upholstery. The oils will also proffer a "doggy" smell when they are wet. Anybody that has been around dogs knows that "wet dog" aroma. Many of these dogs are also large and can be intimidating to visitors and children. A large Chesapeake Bay Retriever jumping up on you can scare the daylight out of anyone. They also are good scent dogs and crotch sniffing is a given.

There is something to the rule of thumb that says the bigger the dog the more friendly the dog. While I don't care what the rule states when it comes to pit bulls, I must agree that big monsters like the Newfoundland and St Bernard certainly correlate with it. Newfies are perhaps the best of the best for being around water. Huge, easy with children and strangers, intelligent, the Newfoundland will soften the hardest of hearts. The St Bernard also falls into this category but my personal experience with the St Bernard has not been overly wonderful.

My fraternity had one. The behemoth was dim witted, boisterous, virtually untrainable, and well known for his ability to knock down people, chiefly people who do not like being knocked down and whom we did not want being knocked down; i.e., university presidents, deans, parents, elderly alumni. I refuse to believe that the dog's social failures were linked to our brotherly ineptness as trainers, consistent disciplinarians, or our own social behaviors (read *Animal House*).

Another rule of thumb is that the larger the dog the shorter the life span. Wonderful old wooly Newfies are about ten when they hit the upper limits of the age scale. For many people that is just too short for such a wonderful animal. Yappy little fur balls ostensibly bred to be winter muffs for elderly ladies can live long, long lives. My neighbor's little chronic barker must be at least 30. It certainly seems that way because no one can remember not hearing that constant barking.

I know of many varieties that make good boat companions. Observing marinas, messabouts, and nautical gatherings, I have seen just about every kind of mutt enjoying their day on the water. One neighbor couple spent their entire summers on their boat that their beloved Schnauzer enjoyed as much as the humans. Another pontoon owner's Schipperke was purchased precisely because their love of water matched the couple's; unfortunately, the dog was fiercely protective and anyone else boarding the boat had to be examined, re-examined, and passed reluctantly before the offending person was allowed near the vessel. Schipperkes (Dutch

A Schipperke.

A Lab.



A Newfie.



for “little skipper”) are born to be on a deck. From the earliest of their history they stood in weather fair and foul at the feet of their captains at the helm. Loyal and beloved by their human partners, the Schipperke is not particularly friendly with other dogs or anyone other than the crew.

Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, WWII Coral Sea and Midway commander, always had a fondness for dogs. One photo shows him with his dog boringly hosting Russian officers during a Lend-Lease meeting. His French bulldog during World War I was a dirty, foul-smelling mutt that universally was detested. When it accidentally fell overboard in harbor the crew argued mightily about whether to save the mascot. Only because of the crew’s admiration for Fletcher was the dog rescued. Pouli might have been hated but he remains a topic of Fletcher lore, and has been cited in sundry historical articles and books including Fletcher’s biography written by naval historian Dr. Stephen D. Regan.

Fletcher’s Alaskan pet became a victim of the press when it was reported by Republican oriented writers that President Roosevelt had sent a destroyer from the Pacific war zone to retrieve his pet Scottish Terrier. Actually, his little dog was accidentally left at North Pacific Fleet headquarters with Fletcher’s dog instead of being transported with the President’s luggage to the *U.S.S. Baltimore* for transport to California. A young officer retrieved the First Mutt and brought him to the harbor. Little Fala was loved by the Commander in Chief but he was also a good little sailor onboard a Navy cruiser.

On a very personal note I must admit that my boating love and my best pal ever are totally inappropriate. Spencer the Perfect Pug demands he go everywhere I go but is notoriously known to let me know that my little West Wight Potter 15 is about 60’ too small for his liking and its propensity for heeling is equally unacceptable. My little buddy needs to be forcibly moved from the wonderful solidness of the dock to the miserable deck. He lies at my feet whimpering during the entire trip unless we start the motor at which time he insists on howling. (Whoever heard of a pug howling?). When we get within 6’ of the dock he does a Puggy type long jump toward shore.

Yet, if I should leave him at the dock with my wife he cries until I come get him. If it is warm he refuses to go into the cabin



Pouli on the *USS Margaret.v*


from which he lets me know will suddenly collapse around him or will trap him when we sink, and sink we surely shall. He also exhibits his displeasure by wrapping any lines available around himself ensuring both a trend for the captain to fall on his face or botch any movement that is required to make the sail safe. Worse, his hatred of the boat and demand to go along with me on it has been consistent for ten summers. Spencer the Perfect Pug is the best dog in the world but the worst sailor on the planet. No wonder cruising is not in the cards for me.

Again, dogs on a boat are ubiquitous. When selecting a breed, sailors should be mindful of their habits, recreation, entertainment, and behavior and pick a dog that correlates well. A Newfoundland is a wonderful water dog but it is pretty darn big for a Potter 15. On the other hand, a greyhound is likely to be problematic on a yacht. But if you already have a dog and want to make it more

water friendly, you have some heavy training and acquainting to do. (Whoever heard of a pug howling?)

Spencer the Perfect Pug.





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My bilge hose project that I wrote about in a previous column hit a snag. It seems that my Rule 1000 pump requires a hose with an ID of 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ ". The only hose that would provide a non-corrugated run was 1" ID. Thus the search started for a suitable hose of sufficient length for the bilge pump. I could find non-corrugated hoses but they were of the wrong ID. All the bilge hoses advertised were of the corrugated type. Thus, the bilge hose replacement project will not take place and I will continue to use what is now on the boat. What I found interesting is that many of the articles on bilge pumps and their hoses note that the corrugated hose is less efficient in moving the water than the non-corrugated type. Yet no one seems to sell a smooth hose of the proper ID.

Vehicle and boat engines have the same requirement for clean fuel. With vehicles the problem is usually bad gas from the pump (debris and the like), while with boats the problem is usually water (condensation). One of my vehicles has an in-line filter and a filter inside the fuel pump. The in-line filter is easy to check. But the filter inside the fuel pump is another matter. The vehicle stopped running because the filter in the fuel pump clogged. Happily for me, but not for them, the problem occurred while being test driven by the mechanic after repairs to the carburetor. However, this problem does raise the question of whether or not the pump for the boat has a filter inside it. The choices are to research the pump for the information or take the pump apart. I think I will do some research on the fuel pump on the boat. Do you know if your boat's engine has a filter inside the fuel pump? If so, do you carry a spare filter?

"Fix it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without," was my parents' philosophy on mate-

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

rial things and I have followed that philosophy most of my life. However, one does not "wear it out" when dealing with boats. Odds are very good that if you do "wear it out", you will be miles from shore when the item quits. If you have the spare part, the tools, and the necessary knowledge to make the fix, well and good; otherwise, it will be a call for a tow (which is getting quite expensive these days).

Portable electronics use batteries. And batteries have a tendency not to work when you need them and/or decide to corrode in a marine environment. One of my devices had a battery fail and leak. The acid did a number on the nearest soldered connection and it failed. I found this out when I took the device apart to see what was the matter. I now have a failed electrical connection in a very small area that needs to be re-soldered once everything is clean again and the solder will stick.

The problem with the above soldering project is the lack of a fine-pointed soldering gun/iron. Rather than purchasing such a device for a single use, I plan to use the alternative method of a small finishing nail, a snap clothespin, and a candle for the heat source. One can use a propane torch to heat the nail, or an electric hot plate, but the candle will get the nail hot enough to melt solder and that is all that is needed. I can use the point of the nail or the head depending

on the amount of working room. The idea is to hold the nail with the snap clothespin and put the tip of the nail in the candle flame. The wood of the clothespin protects the hand (and reduces heating losses) while allowing control of the now hot nail. You can re-heat the nail as needed to do the job. If you drive the small nail into a piece of wood, the heated nail will slowly "burn" the wood around it and may fall out when it gets loose enough. And if you use the propane torch method you might catch the wood on fire (not good), which is why I will use a candle.

Winter time, in a heated work space, is the time to do preventative maintenance. Unfortunately a Sisu 26 does not fit in most garages. My Sisu 22 had a trailer and during the cold months both the boat and trailer were in the backyard. I built a Visqueen shelter with 2"x4"s for a ridgepole and back support and lathing strips for the screen's support. It looked a bit like a Conestoga wagon, but it worked. The clear screen also gave me a "greenhouse" effect which helped with getting the engine and cabin areas of the boat "warm." One of my thoughts is to build something like what I had with the Sisu 22 for the Sisu 26. The main problem is one of assembly and disassembly since I would not want to leave the shelter up when I was not at the coast as very strong winds could easily tear the structure apart and we get storm fronts on a regular basis.

One of the boat's fenders went missing. The line was there but the knot was undone and the fender missing. I informed my neighbors of the loss in case they see it floating around the basin. In the meantime, I tied on a spare fender and taped the loose end of the line to the standing part to keep the knot from coming undone again.

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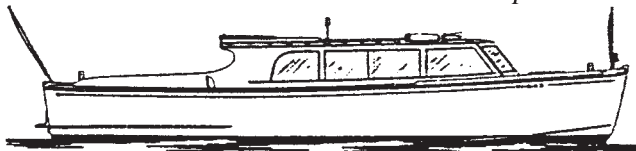
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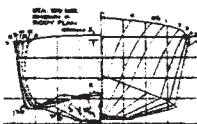
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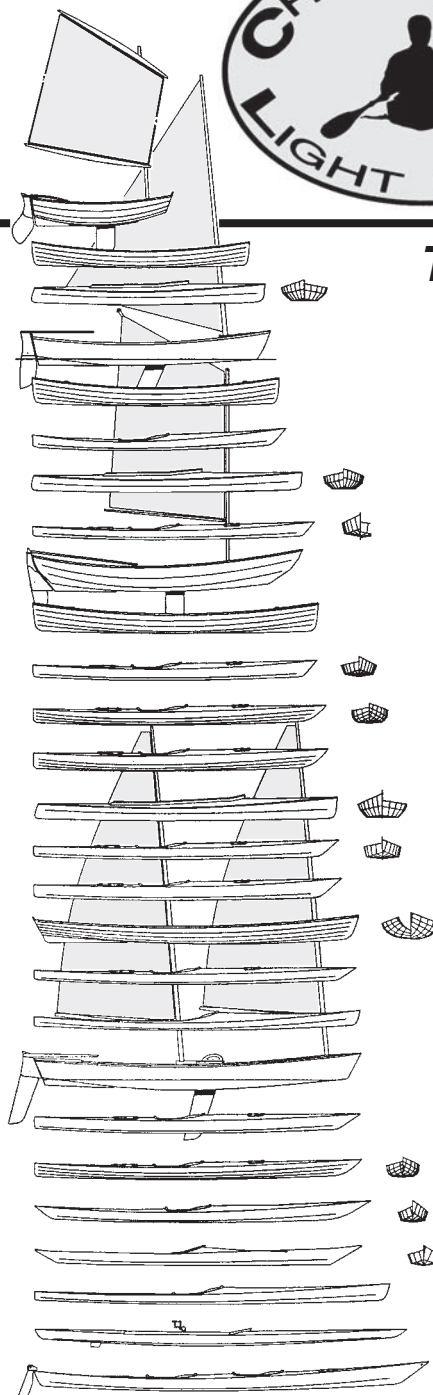
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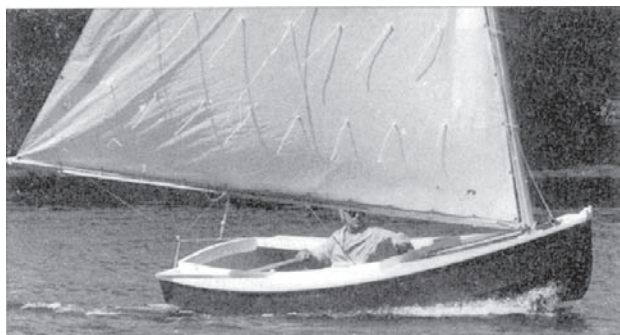
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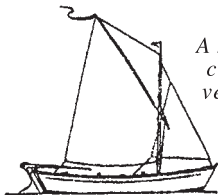
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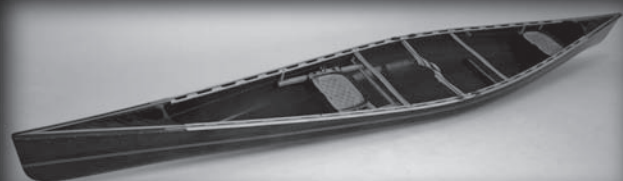
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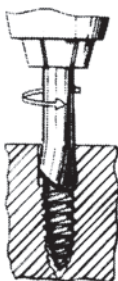
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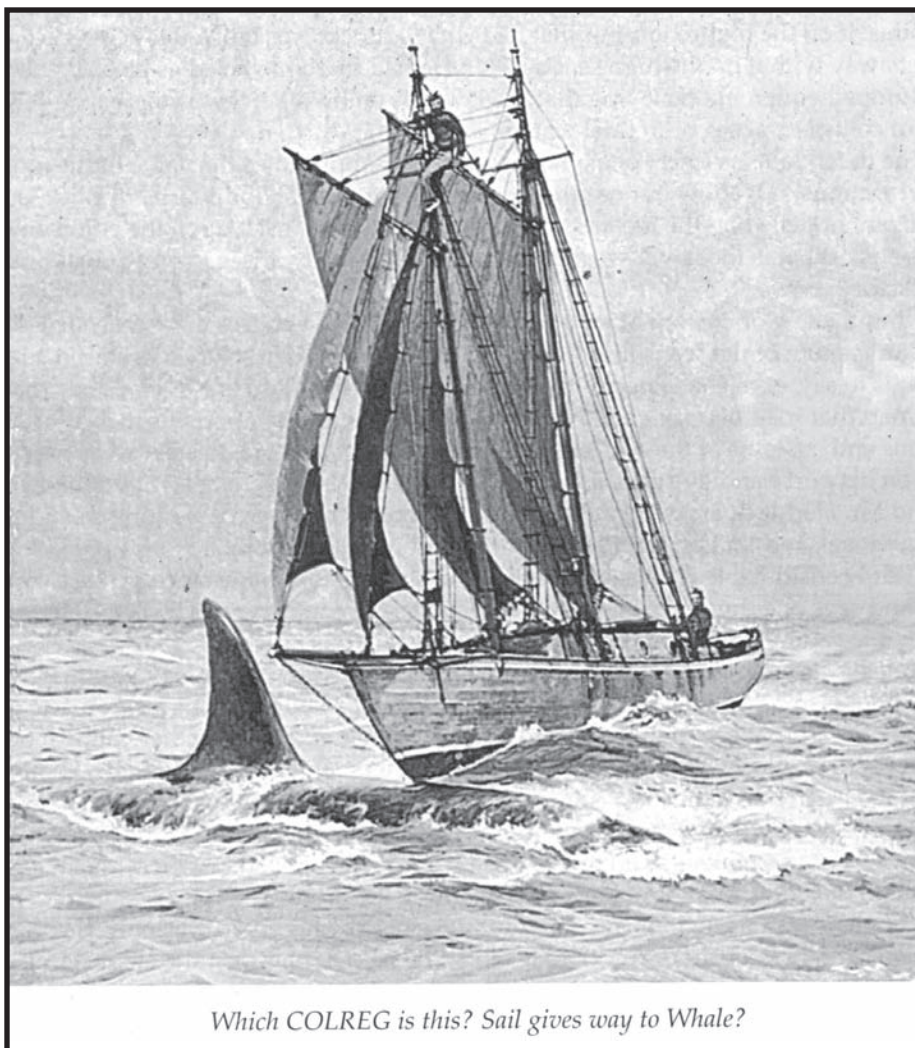
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